SICK

No. 100

EC 02891

40¢

OCTOBER

SICK MOVIE PREVIEW:

SER-PIG-O

SICK GETS EVEN WITH THE PHONE COMPANY

NEW NATIONAL FAD:
PICKLE JOKES

STREAKERS' NUDES-LETTER

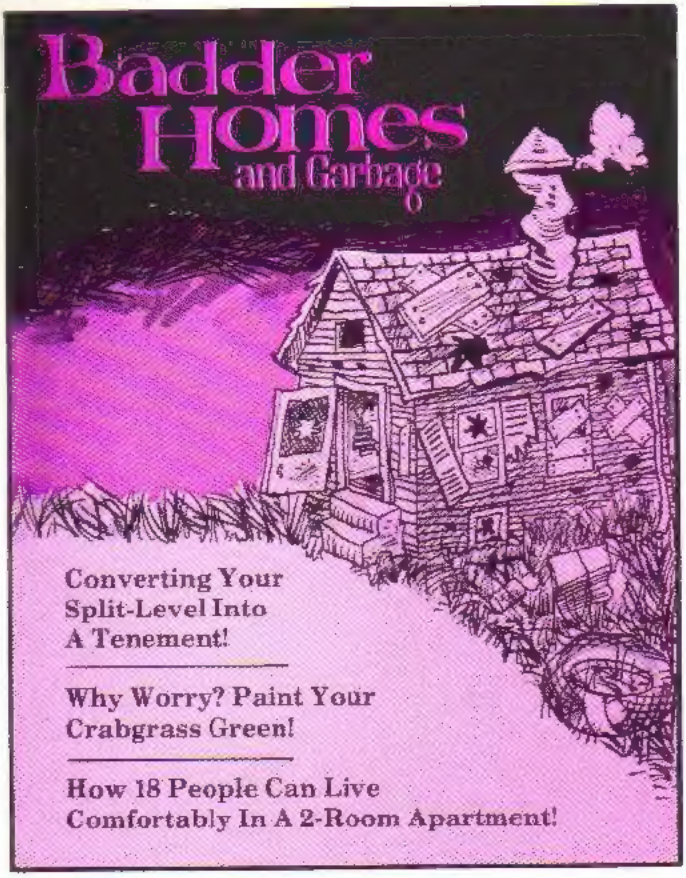
FREE CUTOUT BONUS:
GAG MAG COVERS
(IN COLOR)

THE UNDERSEA WORLD OF
JERQUE KOOKSTEAU

GAG MAG COVERS

CUT OUT ● PASTE ON ● TAKE OFF

Badder Homes and Garbage

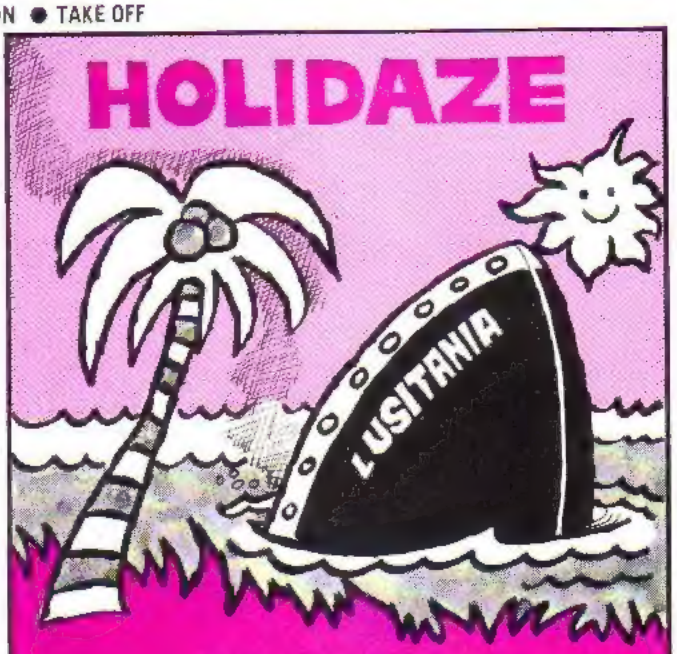


Converting Your Split-Level Into A Tenement!

Why Worry? Paint Your Crabgrass Green!

How 18 People Can Live Comfortably In A 2-Room Apartment!

HOLIDAZE



"I CRUISED ON THE LUSITANIA!"

SPECIAL 16-PAGE PHOTO SECTION OF THE BRONX

HOW TO RETIRE IN FLORIDA ON $30,000 A YEAR

True Confusions

I Had A Long Talk With My Teenage Daughter!
(She Taught Me Plenty)

He Broke My Heart In Two Places!
(Chicago and Detroit)

The Whole Town Knew Of Our Affair!
(A Well-Publicized Church Picnic)

COSMOPURITAN

Should You Let Him Kiss You Before The Thirtieth Date?

●

86 Places To Find A Man (87 If You're Not Too Particular)

●

How Helen Gurley Brown Looks In The Morning

MORE INSIDE BACK COVER
—A SICK BONUS SPECIAL—

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME WOULD SMELL AS

SICK

No. 100

October 1974 Volume 14 Number 4

"If you can keep your head while all about you are losing theirs, you'll be the tallest one in the crowd . . ." —HUCKLEBERRY FINK

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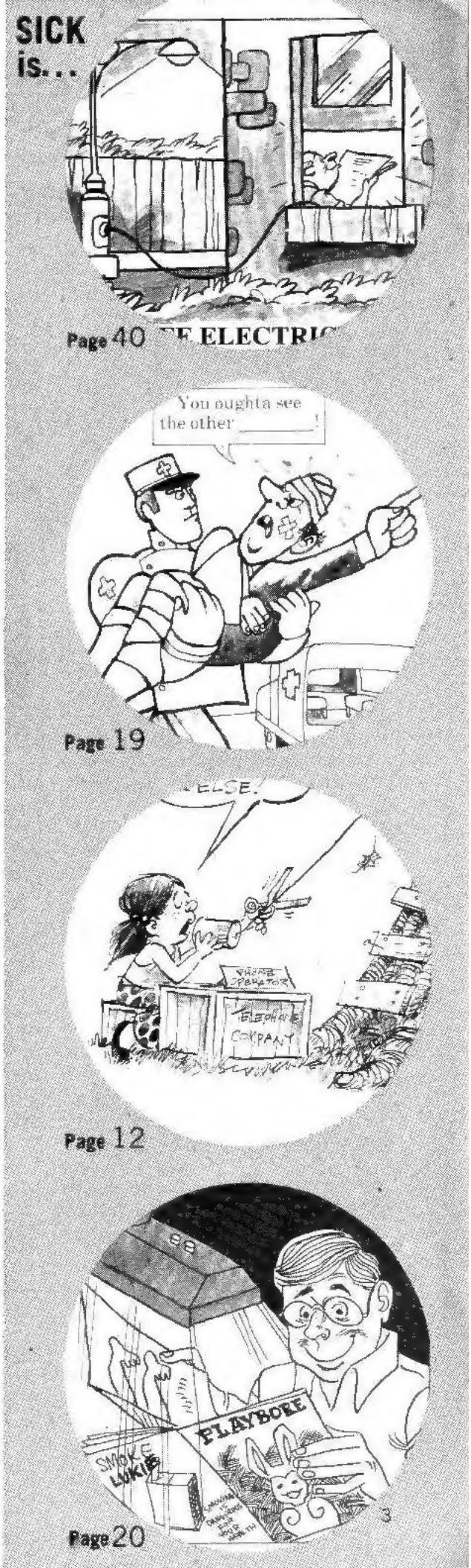
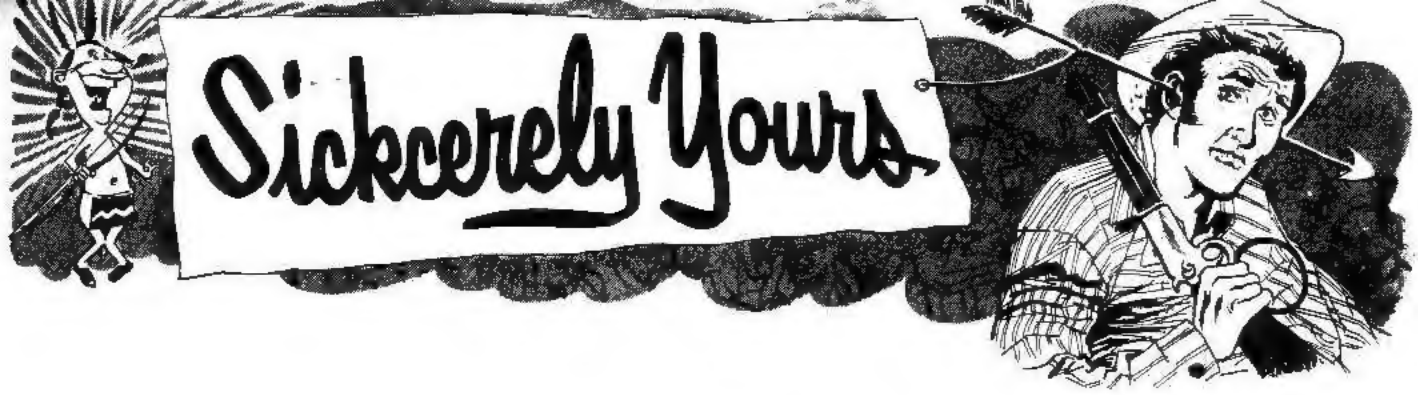




WE GET LETTERS!

Dear Editor

Those Loony Labels you had in SICK #99 were real groovy. I just want to tell you that they're the only labels around that can actually be cut out and pasted over the originals—not like those minis ones all over the place. Congratulations on another SICK first!

Barry Ebinger
Holyoke, Mass.

●●●

In your 14th annual SICK, you had some totally tasteless Polish jokes. As president of the Fredonia High School Polish Club, I must demand a retraction in your next issue. The article was just further proof your magazine is written by a group of quadruped, corpulent, loggerheaded, dipterous morons. Resorting to ethnic jokes only emphasizes your inability to produce intelligent humor!

Bob Stewart
President, Polish Club
Fredonia, N.Y.

ED: When it comes to humor, we are obviously Poles apart!

●●●

Why don't you do a satire on "Gilligan's Island?" And will you do a satire on "Dusty's Trail?"

Jane Byrne
Bronx, N.Y.

ED: Those are the two shows we are planning to get to after we do a satire on Sermonette!

●●●

I think that SICK is terrible to produce such things as "A SICK Look At Women Drivers." I am only 12½ years old, but I know enough to tell when I see terrible things like that!

Michelle Matherne
Coral Springs. Fla.

ED: Like what—our article on women drivers?

I loved your December 1973 issue with the Watergate Game. It was truly hilarious. And Kung Fooey was hilarious. I love funny books but yours are hilarious!

Ricky Sidenstricker
Jasper, Mo.

ED: The hil-larious, you say.

I love your magazine but one thing puzzles me, namely your Dear Crabbie column. What I want to know is this: Are they honest-to-goodness people who write to her?

Betty Schickler
Dover, N.J.

ED: Like in every large group some are—some aren't

●●●

I enjoyed both your great takeoffs in the current issue of SICK—Medi-Kill Center and 2001½. My thanks to Fred Wolfe and Tony Tallarico for giving us a really groovy double-feature!

Manny Diller
Rochester, N.Y.

I've been a fan of Erma Bombeck's for quite a while now, so I especially enjoyed "Mother's Should Be Seen And Not Heard" in the June issue. Let's see more of her work in SICK . . .

Jane Fitzhugh
Omaha, Nebr.

●●●

What made you decide to do a satire on the movie "2001"? That film's been around a long time now . . .

Ron Vreeland
Tacoma, Wash.

●●●

I'm surprised at you. Your "Grave Humor" was very depressing (SICK #98)! Why do such an unfunny article? Was it a change of pace?

Regina Ressin
Kokomo, Ind.

ED: Yes, but maybe we should have let it rest in pace.

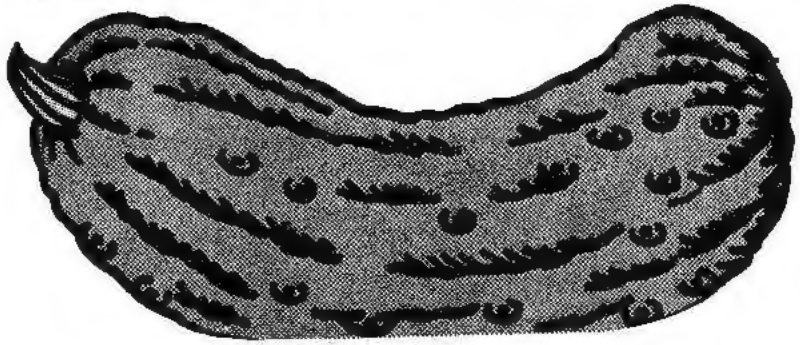
●●●

I don't know if you make up letters or if people write to you nuts. I feel it is my obligation to say that after reading my first issue of your magazine, I think you're all sick! (And I love it!)

Terri McConkey
Pasco, Washington

ED: How do we know you aren't made up?

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THIS OBJECT?



(see page 36)

ATTENTION RAQUEL WELCH: YOU'RE REALLY OUTSTANDING!

I had an idea for a TV review for your magazine. My favorite show on TV is CBS's "Kojak" and I thought of an original title for your brilliant writers to write a TV review. The title is "Kojerk."

Peter Kranes
Brooklyn, N.Y.

●●●

Your magazine is very *sick*. But sometimes I get very *crazy!* I even get *mad* enough to get my skull *cracked!* And that's what I think of that magazine! How do you like that?

Raymond Christy
Brooklyn, N.Y.

ED: Sounds like you're having the "time" of your "life"!

●●●

I liked your article on "How To Be A Poor Sport"...

Phil Price
Atlanta, Ga.

ED: Making additional copies of SICK violates the copyright law. Be careful, librarian Wainwright, you may be "booked."

●●●

The "Wit and Wisdom of Watergate" was simply uncalled for. I happen to be a fan of Richard Nixon, whether you like it or not. You don't really know if he was the cause of Watergate. He's done more than almost any other President. If you don't know for sure, why do you accuse him? You may lose a lot of Sick fans because he got enough votes to make President.

Mickey Prescott
Granville, Ohio

ED: Which all goes to prove—we'd rather write than be President!

FOR A SICK LOOK AT THE S.L.A. *see page 30*

I don't usually write to magazine editors but I felt compelled to in this case. I'm referring to your recent article, "A Sick Look At A Library." As a career librarian myself, I must say that you truly captured the delicate humor that goes on in these establishments. You may be happy to know that we made copies of your article and are distributing them around so that others may share in this joy. Thank you for a job well done.

Ann Wainwright
Bridgeport, Conn.

I only got 7 Sick magazines so far, but I'm going to buy all I can. You should have a lot more pin-ups like Charlie Brown (No. 97).

Kenneth Widelka
Chicago, Ill.

●●●

I thought your movie takeoff, "The Exor-sick," in the August issue was scarier than the movie I saw. What do you think of that?

Conrad Kleinbub
Flushing, N.Y.

ED: Depends on what movie you saw!

A major news item this month is streaking. It seems they've now come up with Streaker Roulette: Six players and five pair of sneakers...

All I can say is: If the Good Lord wanted us to run around in the nude, he'd have made us that way...

Another item is the Nixon transcripts. This proves that you can't judge a book by its cover-up...

To show you how far literary license has taken us, another celebrated author wrote a book about atheism, then prayed to God it would become a best-seller...

The loser of them all, however, was Toulouse-Lautrec. He was always the last to know when it rained...

And speaking of losers, do you know how difficult it is to find a good ex-kamikaze pilot these days...

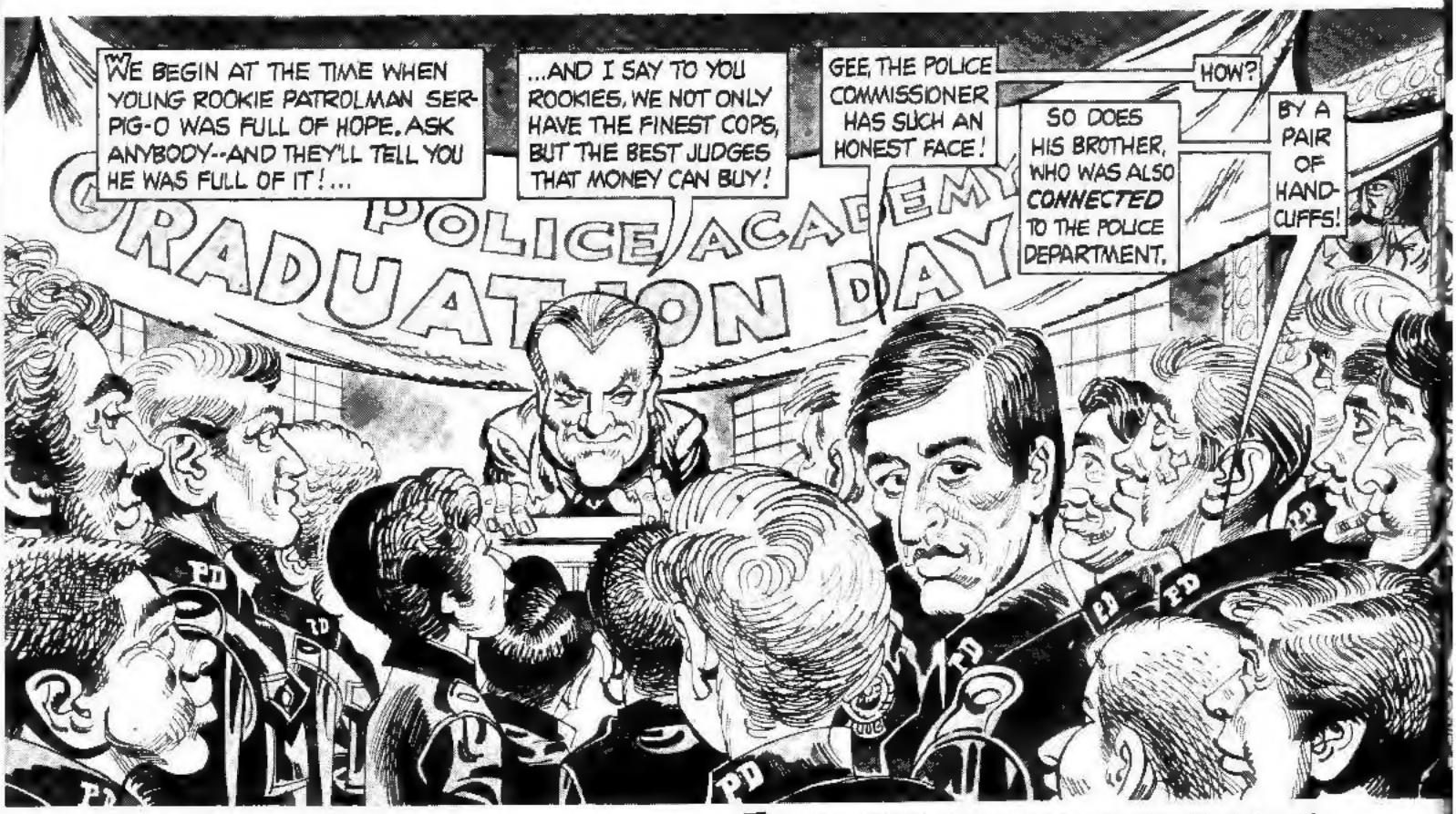
I leave you with one last thought: How can a leopard tell when it has the measles?

SLEAZY PEOPLE KNEE-DEEP IN CRIME! BRIBERY! CORRUPTION! CONSPIRACY! NO--NOT THE MAFIA--THE *POLICE!* AND AT ODDS WITH THE DEPARTMENT IS A GUY WHO PLAYS A FANTASY ROLE THAT ONLY A WALT DISNEY COULD CONCOCT--AN *HONEST COP!*--CALLED...

SER-PIG-O

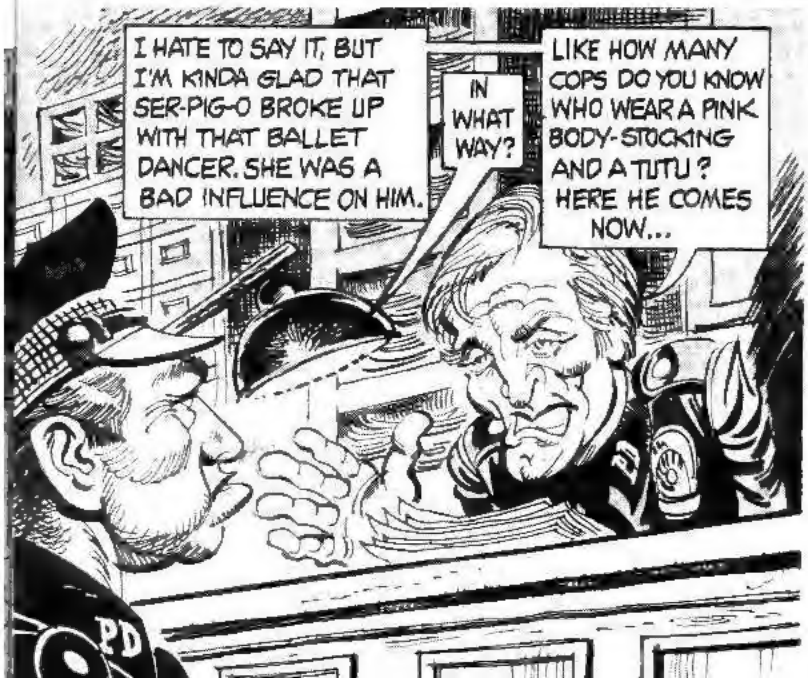
SCRIPT BY FRED WOLFE

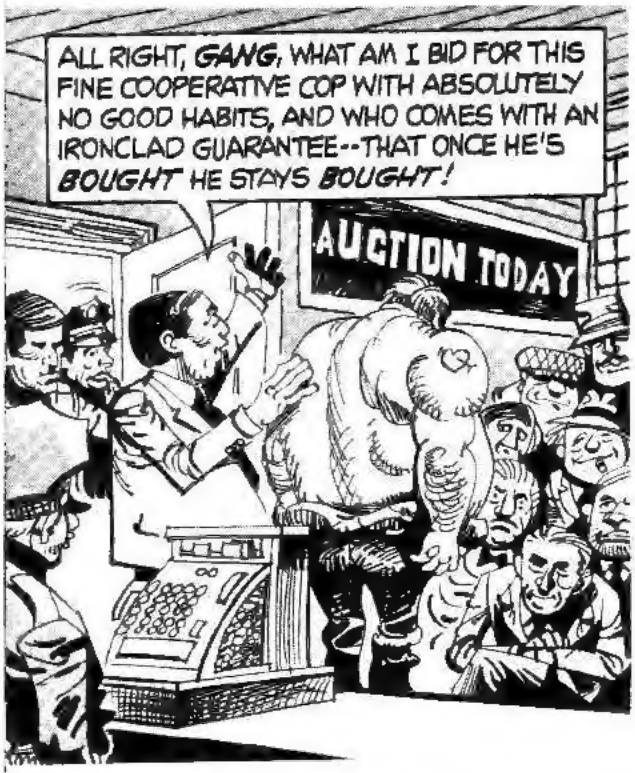
ART BY JERRY GRANDENETTI



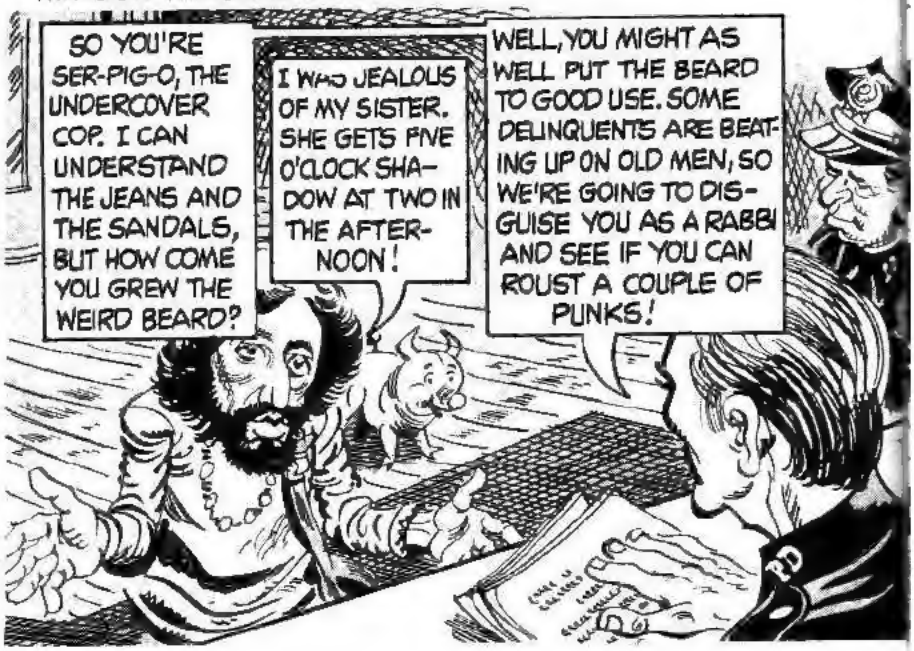
THE FIRST DAY ON THE JOB, SER-PIG-O BEGINS TO SUSPECT THAT HIS COMMANDING OFFICER, LIEUTENANT RIPOFF, MAY BE DISHONEST...

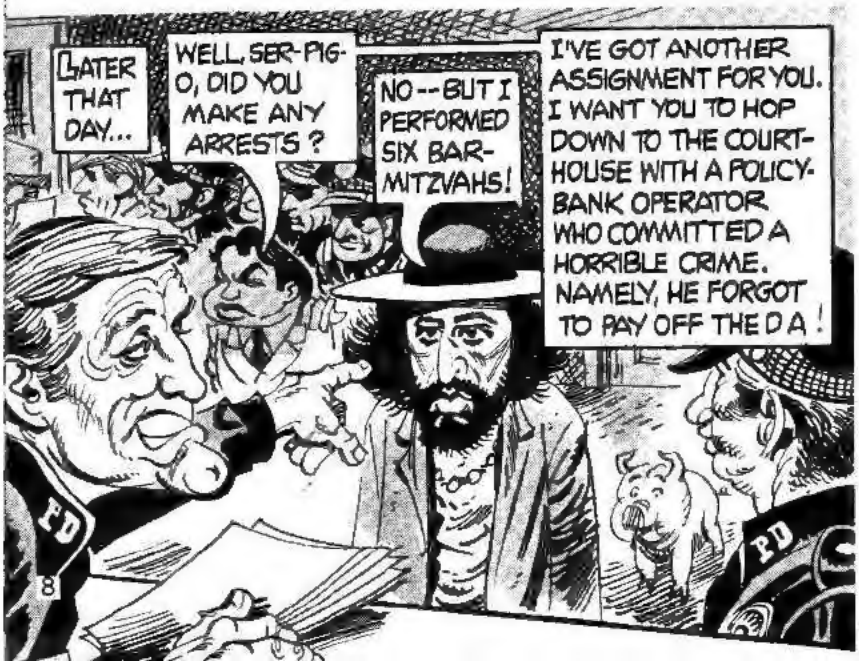
SOON AFTER, SER-PIG-O LOOSES LESLIE--HE FORGOT WHERE HE PARKED THE CAR!





ALTHOUGH HE TRANSFERS TO ANOTHER PRECINCT, SUSPICION AGAIN RISES IN SER-PIG-O'S MIND, ESPECIALLY SINCE THERE'S NO DOOR HERE--YOU'RE FORCED TO BREAK IN THROUGH THE SECOND STORY.





SER-PIG-O FINALLY MEETS AN UNDERCOVER MAN NAMED BLAIR, WHO IS QUITE *HIGH* IN THE CITY ADMINISTRATION-- HE WAS ON THE NARCOTICS SQUAD!...

TELEPHONE
HELLO, IS THIS CAPITOL 2479?

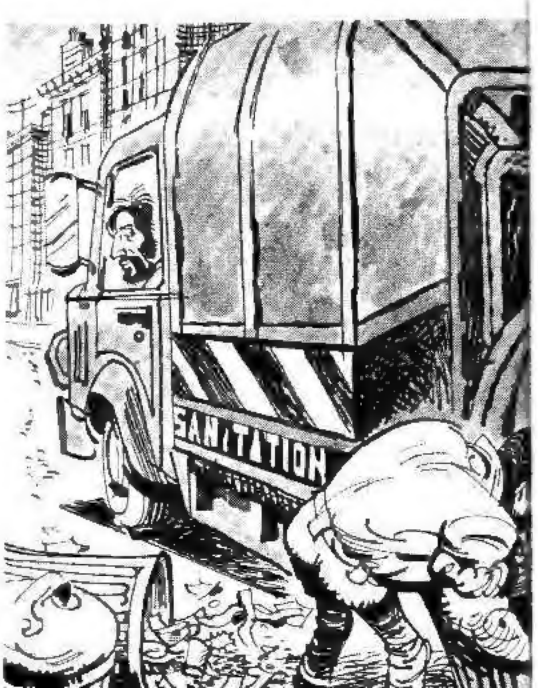
YES--NOW WHAT IS IT THAT I CAN MAKE PERFECTLY CLEAR?
CLICK!

OH, BOY--HAVE I GOT A WRONG NUMBER! WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON THAT BLAIR!
SLAM

THAT EVENING, SER-PIG-O GIVES BLAIR "THE WORD"--OF COURSE, THAT WORD IS CENSORED!...
I HATE TO AIR OUR DIRTY LINEN OUTSIDE THE DEPARTMENT, BUT I'M AFRAID WE'VE GOT NO ONE ELSE TO TURN TO BUT THE NEWSPAPERS!
ONE WAY
102
ROOMS
$5
WEEK
TAXI
STOP
SLOW

New York Crimes
ENTIRE POLICE DEPARTMENT IS UNDER ARREST

CONGRATULATIONS, SER-PIG-O! THE MAYOR HAS APPOINTED THE NIP COMMISSION--TO NIP CRIME IN THE BUD. AND YOU'VE RECEIVED THE HIGHEST HONOR THAT YOUR PRECINCT CAN BESTOW--A SLUG FOR THE PAY TOILET!
BUT TELL ME...NOW THAT YOU'VE RECOVERED FROM YOUR WOUNDS, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
FRANKLY, I'VE HAD IT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF THE STINK OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT--IT SMELLS TO HIGH HEAVEN! I'M QUITTING FOR THE KIND OF JOB WHERE AT LAST I CAN GET A BREATH OF FRESH AIR!


SANITATION

by ARON MAYER

? WHAT IS SICK?

SICK is seeing a minister and singing: "Ring Around The Collar!" . . .

SICK is walking into an antique store and saying, "What's new?"

PICASSO WAS AN EXHIBITIONIST!

SICK is studying years to become a tree surgeon, then finding out you can't stand the sight of sap . . .

SICK is investing your money in a new book by Clifford Irving . . .

SICK is putting on your shoes and socks in the morning—in that order . . .

SICK is dreaming you ate an entire box of marshmallows, then waking up to find the pillow gone . . .

SICK is robbing a bank in New York City and getting mugged on the way to the getaway car . . .

SICK is buying a suit with two pair of pants, then burning a hole in the jacket . . .

SICK is refusing artificial respiration because you want the real thing . . .

SICK is trying to commit suicide by jumping in front of a parked car . . .

SICK is becoming so neat that you put a newspaper under the cuckoo clock . . .

SICK is letting your cold develop into pneumonia because you heard that doctors can cure the latter . . .

SICK is mailing a dime to Siberia because you want to make a little money go a long way . . .

SICK is going to a monster sale and buying a monster . . .

SICK is picking a fight with a mule because you're looking for new kicks . . .

SICK is having your boss for dinner and discovering that he tastes delicious . . .

SICK is trying to cure nausea by injecting yourself with lockjaw . . .

SICK is applying for a job as a window-washer in a submarine . . .

SICK is dialing VAT 69 because you think it's the Pope's telephone number . . .

SICK is placing a girdle under your home because you want a stronger foundation . . .

SICK is going to the Berlitz School of Languages and coming out speaking Berlitz . . .

ATLAS HAS A HERNIA!

"Dial 999-3838," the newspaper ad read, "and hear Henny Youngman tell some jokes." With righteous indignation (what then, lefteous?), the editor of SICK, Paul Likeman (what then, Like woman—that limp-wristed devil in she's clothing), picked up the telephone and asked the operator to get him 999-3838. (We teach Likeman to dial next month.)

"It can't be," Likeman muttered.

"What can't be?" said an office contributor (that's the publisher, stupid; who else would give SICK an office?).

"That the phone company is ripping off SICK's game. Now, they have an ad in the New York Times . . ." Apparently the operator got him the number—and on the first try (that operator must be replaced—she's working in a job category calling for an IQ of seven and she most at least have a 27)! Likeman's face registered shock as the grim truth became known: Yes, it is true. The New York Telephone Company was muscling in on SICK . . . on comedy everywhere. Who would buy SICK if you could dial a number and get humor on the phone?

"Okay, you dirty rats," said Paul "Cagney" Likeman. "I'll get you for this." Then, he slammed down the phone, did a Cagneyesque two-step and dug into a desk drawer, where he keeps his lunch, and came up with a grapefruit. Squashing the grapefruit into the phone, Cagman sneered, "My mother hates you, my father hates you, my sister hates you and I hate you." Then he sat down at his only gun-at-hand, the typewriter, and it sounded like a machine-gun as he started to write.

SICK GETS EVEN WITH THE TELEPHONE COMPANY

justinman@archive.org

LIGHTEN INDUSTRIES

(We lighten your phone bills)

DON'T PAY TELEPHONE COMPANY PRICES. LET LIGHTEN INSTALL ITS PHONE EQUIPMENT TODAY, SO YOU CAN SAVE MONEY TOMORROW!

We install the latest technological instrumentation, produced in our laboratory in Wiped-out, Arizona, a short blast away from our proving grounds.

Our Motto: "Don't call us—we'll call you."

LIGHTEN INDUSTRIES, Don't-put-on, Ariz.

LEARN TO PLAY "THE TELEPHONE COMPANY BLUES"

ON A REAL SYM-PHONE-IC INSTRUMENT

A new book, "Put Your Telephone Operator Out of Operation by Learning to Play the Push-Button Phone," is keeping teen-agers away from street crimes and making obscene phone calls obsolete. Published by Priceless, Gallstone and Bormann (no relation to Martin, even if he does speak with a gutteral accent), the book teaches you how to spend hours fouling up the telephone company wires while you serenade your girlfriends or boyfriends with lilting renditions of such all-time favorite hits as "Yankee Doodle Dandee," "Marsy Doates," and "Beethoven's Fifth (I told that stupid horse, he couldn't beat Secretariat)." Send for your copy of this best-seller. Let your fingers do the walking through the yellowed pages (our proofreader loves to read while he eats). **Rubin Donalevy Publishers 000-OKLAhoma**

Our motto: Buy Now–Play Later!

ATTENTION TINY TIM: CONTACT ROBERT RIPLEY IMMEDIATELY

BOSNIA AND HEREZAGAVONIA
SOUTHEAST COIN COMPANY

(We deal only in lethal tender)

To coin a phrase, "wring them Bells!" That's what our slugs–oops, we mean coins can do to that rotten, no-good phone company. (Ed. note: Irving Bosnia, partner of Melvin Herezagavonia in SB&HC, INC., LTD, hated his mother. Now that she committed suicide to get out of the clutches of Irving, lovable Irv has transferred his hate to Ma Bell.) Send for 5,000 dime slugs–oops, coins–to fill out the empty spaces in your Bosnia and Herezagavonia coin album. Then you'll never have to pay for another phone call. Just use our Bosnia and Herezagavonia illegal tender, for a change. P.S.: We stand behind our mintings (that's the Carpathian Mintings–bigger than the Catskills) with an inscription on every coin: In Irving and Melvin we trust! . . . . . Order now:

BOSNIA & HEREZAGAVONIA SOUTHEAST COIN COMPANY
P.O. Box 174325, Spandau Prison (we were only following orders)

NEW AREAS FOR DIAL-A-PHONES

According to the latest information, the telephone company may not stop at Dial-a-Joke. More of your dollars will go to Dial-a's as the Bell-wethers at the phone company investigate new areas for you to call. Well, we have some suggestions for them:

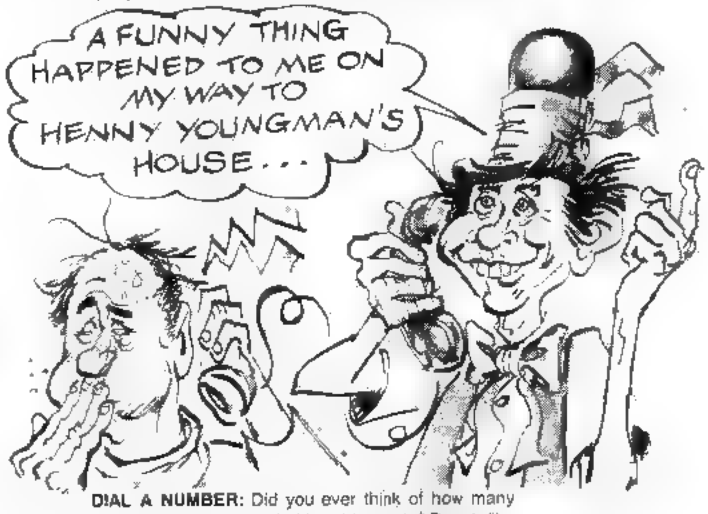
DIAL A MOTHER-IN-LAW: Learn what it really means to be married if you are a bachelor, or are married and contemplate moving in with a mother-in-law or vice-worser. For three minutes, Ma Bell herself, the worst mother-in-law of all, will drown you in invective, tell you what you are doing wrong and, worse, will demand that you send *her* money!

DIAL A PET: For those thousands upon thousands who either cannot afford a dog or cat, or haven't the room for them in small apartments, here's a chance to have a real live dog or cat—not one of them stupid recordings—bark or meow for you. Also, the perfect solution for anyone allergic to animals!

DIAL A SHRINK: Feeling schizoid? Well, you must pay double if you have a split personality, but even then, paranoids, melancholiacs and psychos of all descriptions are serviced. The procedure? You lie down on the couch of your choice, in your own living room, and talk away. But this shrink doesn't stop you when your hour is up—he will mutter assorted ums, ahs, ahems and yesses hour on hour (but wait until you see your phone bill!). Although all other Dial-a-Services are real people, the phone company has been granted special dispensation to use recorded ahs, ahems, yesses and ums for this service . . . since everyone knows that psychiatrists never say anything else!

DIAL AN OBSCENE-CALLER: How long has it been that you have sat around waiting impatiently for some obscene caller to take the drabness out of a long, long evening by heightening your evening with some sparkling conversation. Now, thanks to Dial an Obscene-Caller, you can initiate an obscene call. OC's with especially loud voices are available for the hard of hearing . . . and it's no fair if you tape these conversations. All obscene calls are the property of the telephone company, and none can be returned if not fully satisfied!

DIAL A DOLL: We don't mean a Ken or Barbie, the kind where you press a button or pull a string and gibberish comes out: "My name is Barbie—what's yours?" When you dial 38-25-36, you can spend Saturday night—if you don't have a date—talking to a beautiful girl. Of course, for the ladies, handsome men with unctuous voices are available. Their motto: Unctuous for the Anxious!



DIAL A NUMBER: Did you ever think of how many people are sitting around with nothing to do? People like yourself. Bright. Articulate. Personable. Good looking. Well, thanks to Dial a Number, you can now talk your head off with discriminating members of this exclusive club (membership is limited to only those who have telephones—and it's okay if yours is in the hall or at the nearest candy store). Just think—Robert Redford and Paul Newman have telephones. Raquel Welch and Candice Bergan have telephones. Do they belong? Of course not, stupid. But you never know when they, too, will join the thousands of members now on call!

WINNERS OF SICK'S

NIXON, AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE NON-TAXPAYER!

KNOCK-KNOCK CONTEST

Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Eisenhower!
Eisenhower who?
Eisenhower late, open the door!

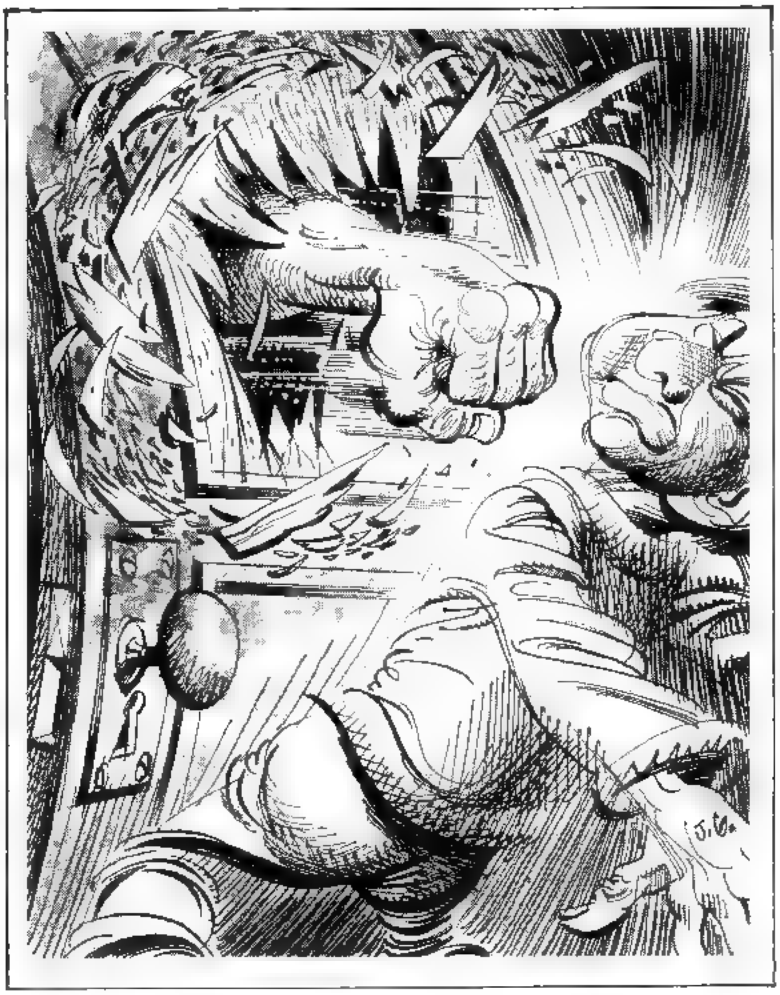
submitted by
Mrs. Fountain Brantley
Pensacola, Florida

Knock, knock!
Who's there?
Little old lady!
Little old lady who?
Gee, I didn't know you could yodel!

submitted by
Terry Halligan
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Knock, knock!
Who's there?
Arthur!
Arthur who?
Arthur any more at home like you?

submitted by
Daniel Lowe
Proctor, Minn.



Knock, knock!
Who's there?
Consumption!
Consumption who?
Consumption be done about your dumb questions?

submitted by
Pat Napoleon
Soo, Michigan

Knock, knock!
Who's there?
Ben Hur!
Ben Hur who?
Ben Hur waiting an hour!

submitted by
Frank Sundquist
Baldwin Park, Calif.

Knock, knock!
Who's there?
Emma!
Emma who?
Emma no gonna say!

submitted by
Linc Walraven
Norwalk, Iowa

Knock, knock!
Who's there?
Isthmus!
Isthmus who?
Isthmus be the place!

submitted by
Dan Boyce
Rome, N.Y.

Knock, knock!
Who's there?
Iris!
Iris who?
Iris you wouldn't ask me!

submitted by
D. Wallingford
Elsah, Illinois

Knock, knock!
Who's there?
Hank!
Hank who?
You're welcome!

submitted by
Tracy Fedirko
Solon, Ohio

Knock, knock!
Who's there?
Ida Warner!
Ida Warner who?
Ida Warner tell ya!

submitted by
Lynn Harry
Butte, Montana

EACH RECEIVES A FREE COPY OF A FABULOUS NEW HUMOR BOOK

—HONORABLE MENTION—

Kevin Honeywell *Houston, Texas*	Patricia Richardsville *Vincennas, Ind.*	Sylvia Quigley *Nevada, Iowa*	Douglas Ciolino *Metairie, La.*	Janice Malone *Pensacola, Fla.*
Peter Tarasewich *Mahopac, N.Y.*	Jon Dellolio *Maywood, N.J.*	Ann Hixson *Madison, Wisc.*	James Gavse *Pasadena, Texas*	Tom Cavanaugh *Franklin Lakes, N.J.*

FUNNY, THE DOUBLEMINT TWINS DON'T LOOK CHEWISH!

WATCH FOR DETAILS OF ANOTHER EXCITING CONTEST IN THE NEXT ISSUE

A Sick Salute to Our Superstar Secretary of State

THE HENRY KISSINGER

THE FAMILY THAT SHOOTS TOGETHER LOOTS TOGETHER!

OH, HENRY

("Oh, Johnny")

Oh, Henry. Go, Henry—
Hop to make peace!
'Bye, Henry. Try, Henry
To make wars cease!
You cool Sadat and Golda, too,
Then soothe the French,
Calm Russia
And placate ol' Chou,
Oh, Henry. Go, Henry—
Sign lots of pacts;
Keep talking constantly.
Settle each nation's strife,
Then rush back to your wife
Or she'll blow, Henry.
So, Henry,
Go!

EVERY-WHERE

("Over There")

Everywhere, everywhere,
Doff your hats, diplomats,
Everywhere!
For our Hank is coming
To keep things humming . . .
For peace he's plumbing
Everywhere!
Have a fight? In a plight?
Soon our knight,
Henry, will set it right.
Better be fair;
His failures are rare
When our Hank comes running
To stop spats
Everywhere!

I WONDER WHERE'S KISSINGER NOW?

("I Wonder
Who's Kissing Her Now?")

I wonder where's Kissinger now?
In Bonn, Berne, Berlin or Moscow?
Does he ever
In his globe-trotting league,
Suffer from jet fatigue?
And has Henry reason to pout
'Cause his passports soon
Are worn out?
Will he always roam
Or some day come back home?
I wonder where's Kissinger now?

SINGALONG GROUP

Songs by **Warren Emery**
Art by **Diane Levin**

JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL IS FOR THE BIRDS!

WHEN HENRY COMES FLYING HOME AGAIN

("When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again")

When Henry comes flying home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
He'll have covered more ground
Than a speedy wren.
Hurrah! Hurrah!
If two countries are having an argument,
They'll consider Kissinger
As heaven-sent.
He'll mute their dispute,
Then . . .
He'll come flying home again!

HE'S LEFT HIS MARK IN SUNNY CAIRO

("I Left My Heart In San Francisco")

He's left his mark in sunny Cairo,
Fixed up a peeve in Tel Aviv.
From Rome to the Chinese Wall
Kissinger has come to call.
His pixie face
Just every place
There's an arms race!
He can outpace
Evel Knievel,
Talk more than Hubert at his best . . .
He'll argue, plead, cajole and gab till
The guns of war are laid to rest!

There have been many complaints about government employees. It's been said that the exams must be real easy if these guys passed. We would like to make it perfectly clear that the exams are as difficult as ever! To prove our point, we are publishing portions of recent tests given to our great public servants . . .

CIVIL SERVICE TESTS FOR UNCIVIL APPLICANTS

Script by BOB HEIT
Art by BERNIE COOTNER

FIREMAN'S TEST

(fill in)

Marshmallows are usually roasted over a _____.

Children should not play with matches since they may accidentally start a _____.

The signal given when someone is about to be executed by a firing squad is "Ready, Aim, _____!

When a citizen sees a burning building he should find the nearest _____-alarm box.

When someone is in a hurry, his friends often shout, "Hey, where's the _____?"

When workers don't do their job, their boss may _____ them.

SUBWAY MOTORMAN'S TEST

(True or False)

125th Street comes between 133rd Street and 142nd Street, except on matinee days or Thursdays. TRUE ( ) FALSE ( )

The platforms with people standing on them are called shoe stores. TRUE ( ) FALSE ( )

To stop the train you put your foot down on the accelerator. TRUE ( ) FALSE ( )

It is a good idea, especially at high speeds, for the wheels to remain on the tracks. (Otherwise, go into an immediate holding pattern and await landing instructions from the nearest airport control tower. TRUE ( ) FALSE ( )

When making a right turn, signal by placing your hand out the window and see if you can catch the brass ring. TRUE ( ) FALSE ( )

PARK DEPARTMENT TEST

(Multiple Choice)

The green-colored stuff that people should keep off is called:

A. Gas.
B. Grass.
C. Glass.

The big things with branches and leaves and trunks are called:

A. Trees.
B. Escaped elephants running wild in the woods.
C. Camouflaged muggers.

Parks should be kept:

A. Off limits to people to preserve their natural state.
B. Indoors in case of rain.
C. In banks, to prevent robberies.

SANITATION DEPARTMENT TEST

(True or False)

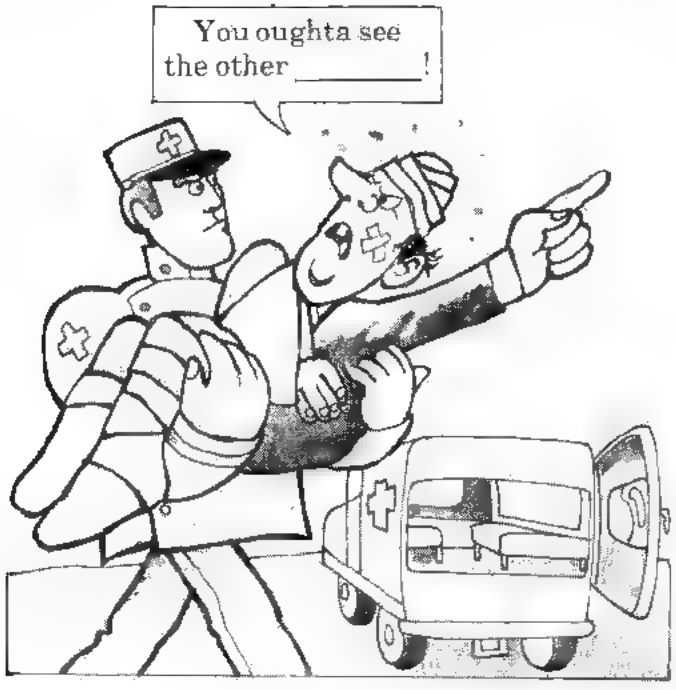
A can that contains garbage is called a garbage can? TRUE ( ) FALSE ( )

A rose by any other name is a truck that carries garbage? TRUE ( ) FALSE ( )

Eau de Garbage smells better than Jean Nate, Lanvin or a wrestler after a match? TRUE ( ) FALSE ( )

A keen-eyed garbageman will never go hungry? TRUE ( ) FALSE ( )

Despite the increasingly higher pay, shorter hours and better pensions, garbagemen often feel down in the dumps? TRUE ( ) FALSE ( )



AMBULANCE DRIVER'S TEST

(Multiple Choice)

To make a left turn, the steering wheel should be turned to:

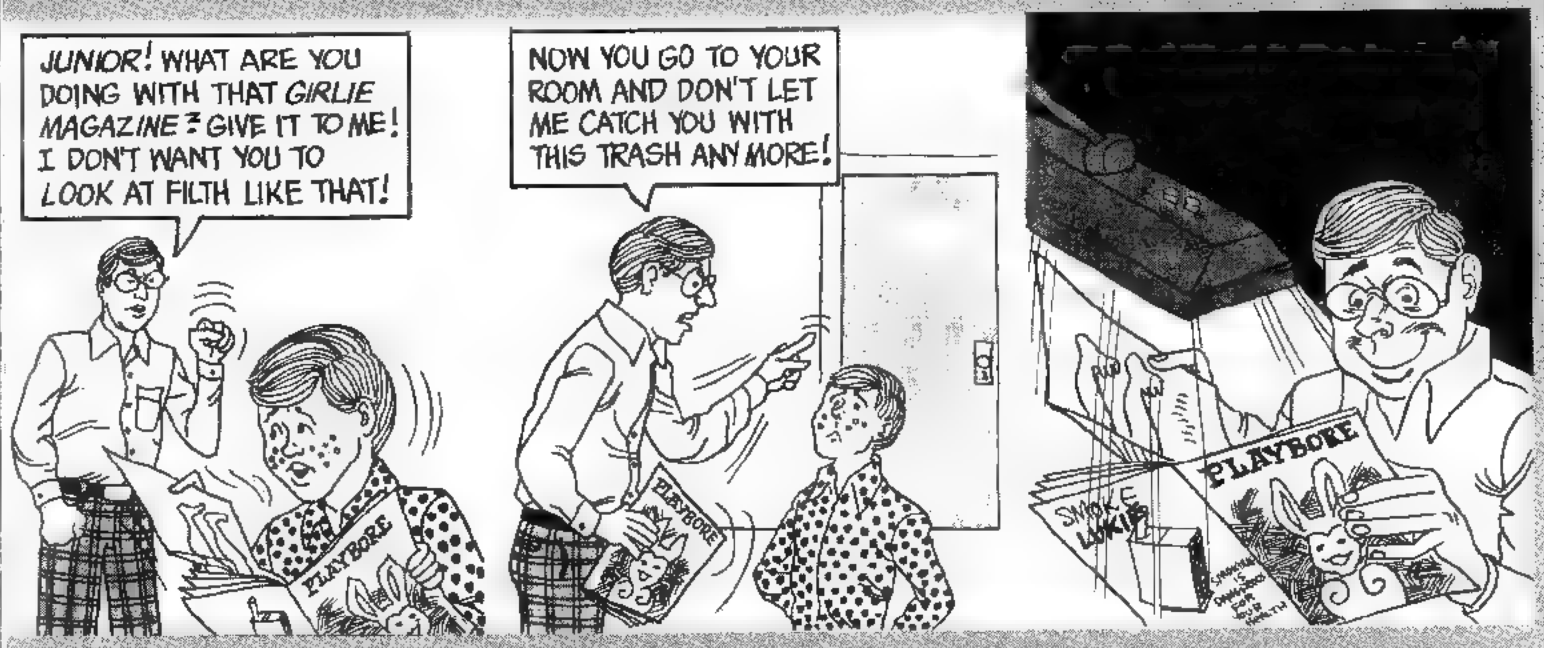
A. The left.
B. The right.
C. Neither.

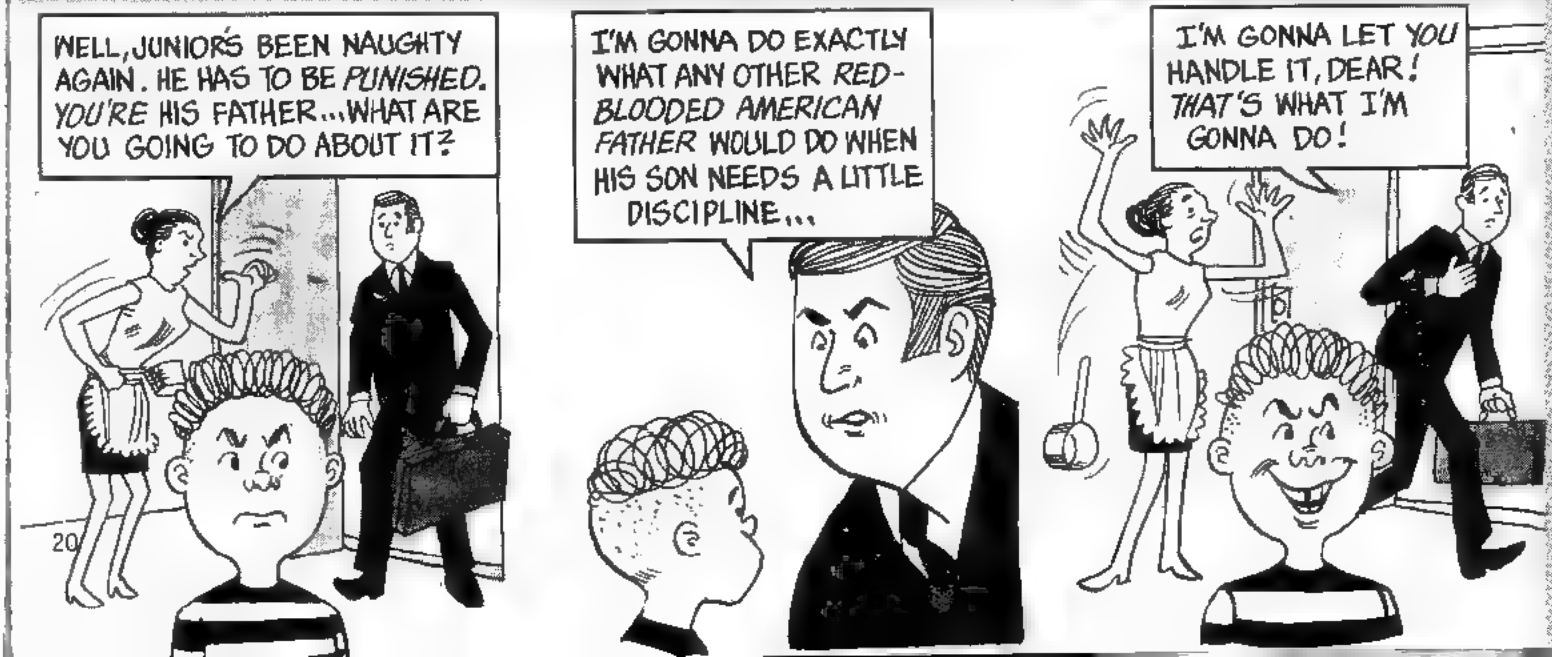
Ambulances should:

A. Be made like tanks and have the right to shoot or run over pedestrians and vehicles that don't give them the right of way.
B. Never block traffic.
C. Be driven by the patient so that drivers can curse at motorists who impede their progress.
D. Come equipped with Monopoly and Scrabble sets in case the patient gets bored enroute to the hospital.

Think your old man is something special? Think there's none around quite like him? Well, we think you got another thing coming! Mainly, because fathers, no matter how old, are all alike. To show you what we mean, we now take . . .

A SICK





LOOK AT FATHERS

Script by
ARON MAYER
Art by
TONY TALLARICO

WEATHER: RAW AND SLIGHTLY DAMP

STREAKERS NUDES-LETTER

All the nudes that's fit to sprint!

5-SCAR EDITION · July 4, 1974 · by Fred Wolfe

Nudes Flashes:

● A streaker candidate for student government campaigned on the slogan: "If elected, he will run!"

● A Northfield, Minnesota College coed ran naked across a theater stage. Three cheers for "My Bare Lady!"

● The President of Sweet Briar College watched as 50 coed streakers—wearing only their lipstick—sprinted across his lawn. It sure as heck beats crabgrass!

● An unidentified Turk in his thirties streaked down the aisles of a Pan Am 747 Jumbo Jet. "Pan Am Makes The Streaking Great!"

● A nude student raced through the halls of the Honolulu legislature screaming: "I'm the streaker of the House!"

● A naked broker, feeling bullish, streaked down Wall Street, creating his own *bare* market!

● A streaker raced down 42nd Street in New York—and was arrested for *decent* exposure!

● Not one streaker was mugged in Central Park. It was easy to see they had no *hidden* assets!

● A female streaker dashed through a basketball game—and both teams were penalized for holding!

Streakers Gossip Column

(The truth about streaking laid bare!)

On campus, nowadays, when you show your B.A.--it doesn't necessarily mean that you own a diploma! But it proves once again that colleges are the seat of learning! Yes, the epidermis epidemic that has swept across the campuses has imbued the student population with the spirit of "can-you-topless-this" spirit of competition. It's gone so far, that we hear a midget streaker leaped into an inkwell--because he wanted to run a blue streak! In fact, the fantastic speed of most streakers has led a famed magician to state that streaking proves beyond a doubt that the glands are quicker than the eyes! And speaking of speed, even the traffic department got into the act when one streaker got too close to another streaker and was arrested for tail-gaiting! Just the other day, one of our co-eds cleverly eluded capture by racing into a pastry shop--placing a

SOLOMON WAS A WISE GUY!

EDITORIAL

Hi, streak freaks! On campuses all over the country, students are shedding their clothes like autumn leaves and everybody resembles jet-propelled centerfolds! In fact, the streaking fad has given an entirely new meaning to the expression "Student Body!" And nowadays when people speak of "letting it all hang out"—they're not kidding! Remember, streaking has its advantages. Not only can you tell whether the coeds are true or *falsie*, but there's absolutely no doubt about who is the *Big Man On Campus*! Yes, students, streaking has made one thing perfectly clear—America is definitely not an underdeveloped country! So, gang, Don't chicken out. Just disrobe—and show all your friends exactly what you're made of!

● Johnny Carson's program was streaked while millions of viewers watched. Man, that's really *show* business!

● Students from the University of Georgia and the University of Maryland jumped from planes wearing only parachutes. That's carrying streaking to new heights!

● A student streaked through his photography class –and they flunked him for overexposure!

Ode To A Streaker

Oh, streaker with your head held high
And running half a mile;
From toe to chin just yards of skin
And nothing but a smile;
For what's at stake, the law you break;
A fine or sentence risked.
But there's one consolation, like–
There's no way to be frisked!

raisin in her navel--and passing herself off as a cookie! And one of our freshman students was terribly embarrassed when he couldn't even get himself arrested. It seems he disrobed--revealed himself--and was released for insufficient evidence! On the foreign front: They claim that in Scotland a strange creature came racing out of a fog-bound lake, and residents are firmly convinced that he is the legendary Loch Ness Streaker! Bare hands across the border: Mexico University has challenged Texas A&M to a streaking contest. However, Mexico looks like a sure winner. Having drunk the water--they're already off to a running start!

What the Well(Un)Dressed Streaker Should Wear

1. Basic black or white—according to the way you were born.
2. Sneakers for streakers are a must. Socks are optional—and if worn for too long a time—very fragrant!
3. Tennis shoes are acceptable. In fact, if you see a streaker wearing tennis shoes and carrying Fort Knox under his arm—grab him—it's Howard Hughes!

4. On Oshkosh campus, a hairy streaker was spotted wearing a gorilla mask. What was really weird—he kept asking for Fay Wray!
5. At the University of Montana, one colorful runner painted himself red, white and blue. It's rumored that John Wayne hung him from his flagpole!

Streakers In History

It all started in the Garden of Eden, when Adam streaked after Eve—and not for her Pippin Apples! The first bareback streaker was Lady Godiva—who didn't ride her horse to win or to place—but to *show!* And little David became a battlefield streaker when he lost his sling-shot and had to zap Goliath with the elastic from his jockey-shorts! And historians reveal that Cleopatra streaked down the Nile on her barge—which made Marc Antony see the Queen in a new light! And speaking of secret lovers, what did Queen Isabella see in Christopher Columbus? Plenty!—When he went streaking past the Palace! And what made Catherine so great? They clocked her streaking through Siberia at 90 miles an hour! And what about all those famous historical battles? Like why do you think they called it the "Charge of the Light Brigade?" Of course they were light—the troops removed their uniforms! And at the Battle of Bull Run, how do you think the Union troops were running? Without their Union suits, that's how! The Confederates stole their clothes! And why was the Third Reich finally wiped out? Because Adolf Hitler was caught with his Panzers down!

DELILAH RAN A CLIP JOINT!

Prize-Winning Streakers Menu

—The after the show buffet—

—Soups—
Hot tomato
or
Cold chicken

—Entrees—
Rump of beef
Leg of lamb
Lambchops (without panties)
Bare ribs
* * *

—Salad—
Sees-her salad—no dressing

—Vegetables—
Raw carrots Tomatoes
Tired hearts of lettuce

—Desserts—
Cheesecake Brownie strips
Peaches

—Beverage—
Skinned milk
* * *

(Remember—there's *never a cover!*)

SENATOR EDWARD BROOKE EATS WATERMELON!

SONGS FOR STREAKERS

SOCRATES HAD A DRINKING PROBLEM!

"On The Streak Where You Live"
"The Eyes of Sexists Are Upon You!"
"Red Tails In The Sunset"
"I'm Dashing With Tears In My Eyes"
"I Left My Clothes In San Francisco"
"What's Nude, Pussycat?"
"I Only Have Eyes For Youth"
"Streak To Me Only With Thine Eyes"
"With My Eyes Wide Open, I'm Streaking"
"I Could Have Dashed All Night!"

RECOMMENDED READING

"The Exorstreak"

A horrifying *tail* of a streaker who failed to pay his credit-tailor—and has his clothes re-possessed! Not only raises the Devil, but gives you plenty of goose bumps as Satan gives you a

Celebrity Streakers

(Sights We'd Like To See)

Raquel Welch—who is way out in front—on any list!

Ralph Nader—who'd be "Unsafe At Any Speed!"

Totie Fields—who would make streaking a *wide-spread* problem.

Johnny Mann—who'd make the whole nation "Stand Up And Cheer!"

Richard M. Nixon—whose streaking would make *everything* perfectly clear!

Burt Reynolds—who already exposed his *bare* skin on a bear skin.

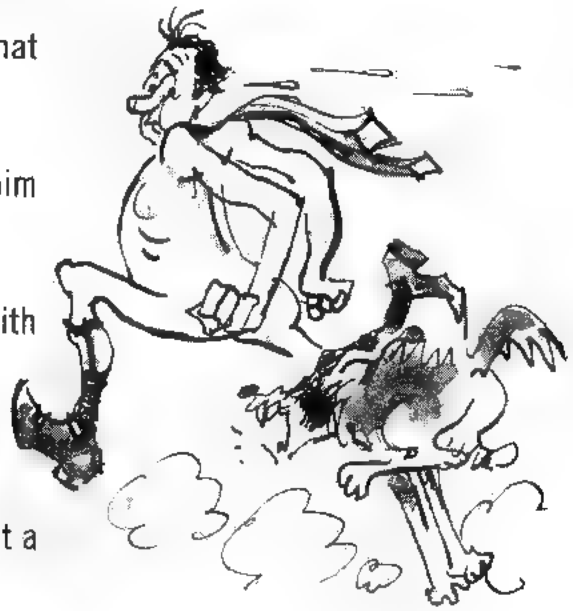
Ed Sullivan—who'd finally prove to an audience that it's a "Really Big Show!"

Colombo—who'd be a sensation—if we can get him to take off his raincoat.

Za Za Gabor—who could do a "gang-streak"—with all her former husbands.

Henny Youngman—take his pants—please!

Paul Lynde—whose streaking would prove he's not a "Hollywood Square!"



run for your money. Guaranteed to make you run like hell—to the bathroom!

* * *

"Jonathan Livingston Streaker"

A naked-as-a-jaybird streaker who longs to stand out in the crowd by shedding his old philosophy—and his entire wardrobe. The bottom drops out of Jonathan's dreams—and his longjohns—but fails to send him into a tailspin. A nude insight into an odd bird with high aspirations.

* * *

"Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Streaking, But Were Afraid To Ask."

All the pressing answers to questions that will get to the bottom of your streaking difficulties. Things like: "Should you streak before marriage?" "Should you streak after marriage?" "Should you streak if you find out she's already married?" "What do you wear to a nudist wedding?" Reveals all—so that *you* can reveal all!

* * *

And don't miss the brand-nude comic book hero!

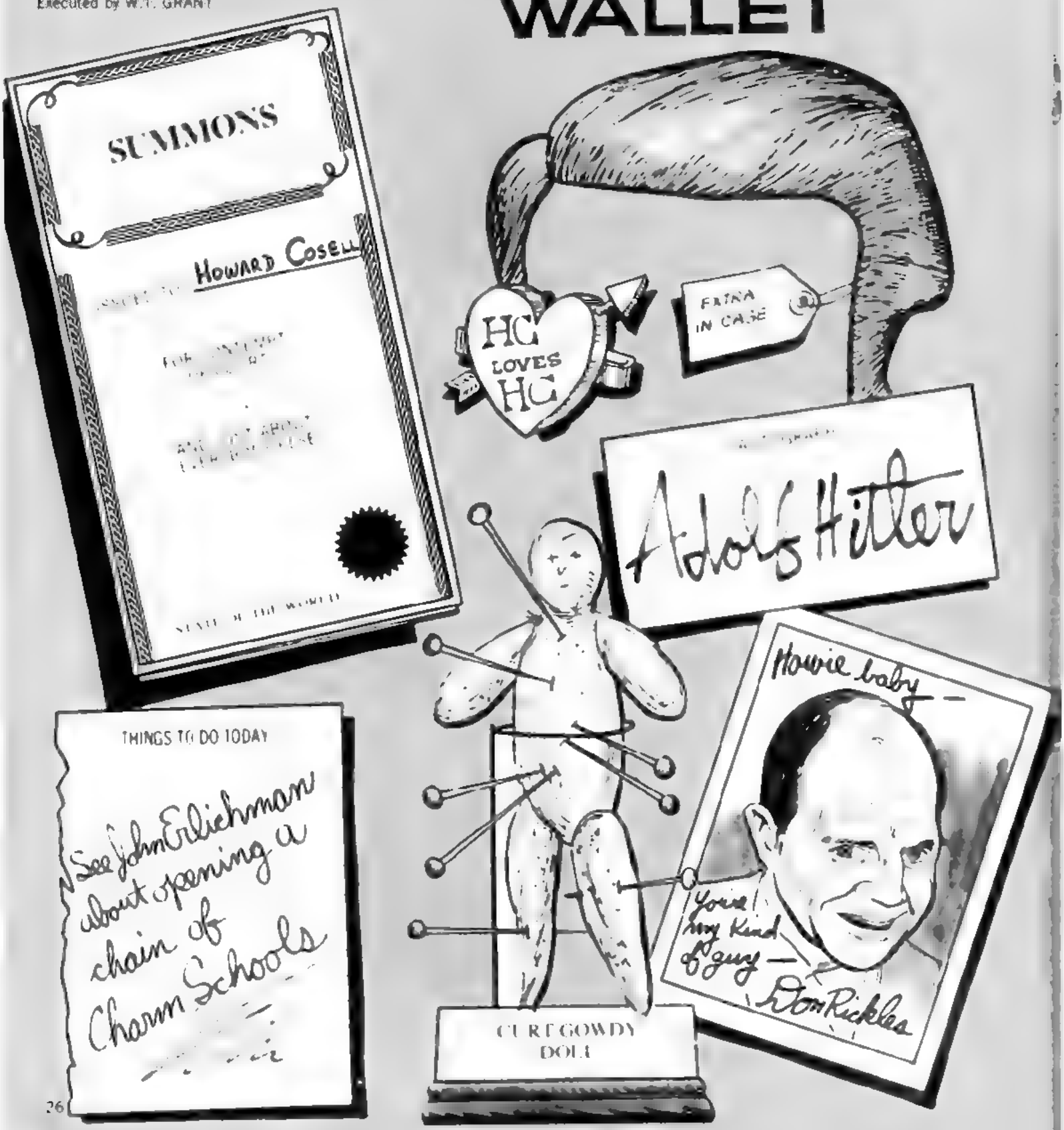
Out on the lawn. Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No—it's "Super Streaker!" Faster than a campus cop! Stronger than a pair of "Fruit-of-the-Loom" jockey shorts! Able to leap over the highest marijuana smoker! Follow the *tail* of this ace reporter who takes off his clothes in a telephone booth—and leaves them there!

INSIDE HOWARD COSELL'S WALLET

Time for a peek inside a famous celebrity's wallet. And with this star we pull no punches, mainly because he's somebody that almost everybody'd like to punch. Now for a long, hard look . . .

Conceived by ARON MAYER

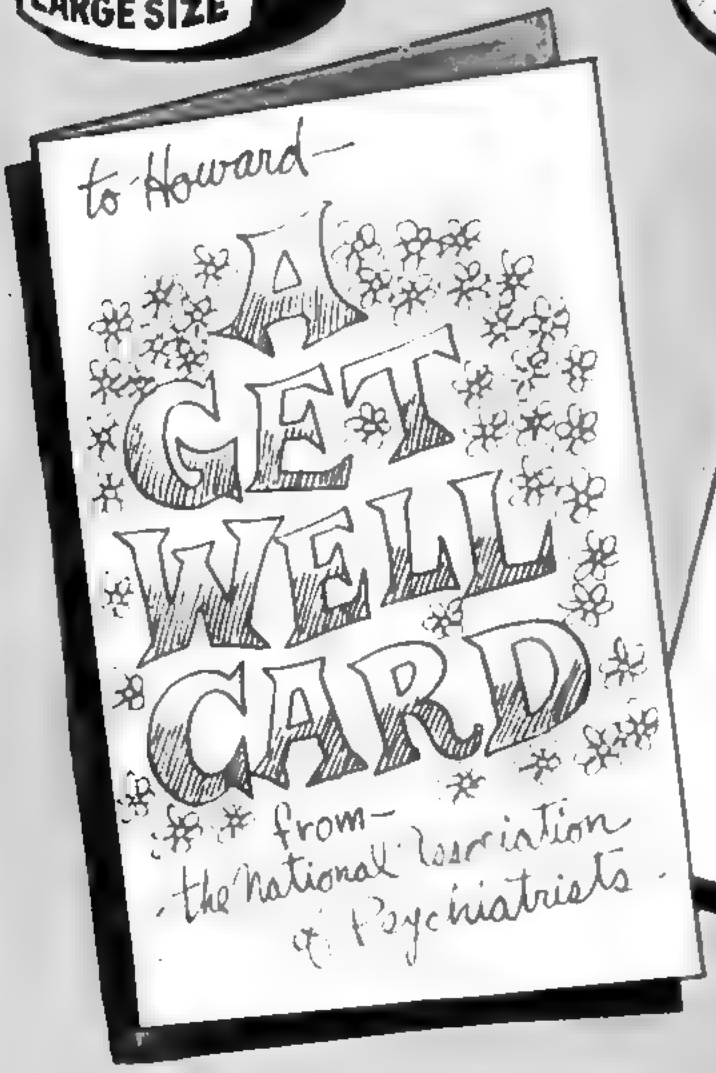
Executed by W.T. GRANT



NAME Howard Cosell
ADDRESS New York City
NEXT OF KIN Nobody will come forward
IN CASE OF ACCIDENT NOTIFY All the newspapers. I thrive on publicity
BLOOD TYPE O (not the letter, the number.)
REMARKS Have a million of them — — — contact me!

MADE BY GENUINE BULL ABC

NICE GUYS FINISH *LAST*



FRIENDSHIP
UNLIMITED

Aug. 14, 1974

Dear Mr Cosell
We regret that our members got together and punched you in the mouth recently
Such a thing never happened at our Good Will Meet before and we hope it won't occur again in the future

Regretfully,
Dale Carnegie
DIRECTOR

YOU CAN'T TEACH AN OLD DOG NUDE TRICKS!

ATTENTION YUL BRYNNER: Is that any way to run a hairline?

Sick Sick

Chaste Makes Waste

IN-SICK-NIFICANT

If you ask me, children are a great comfort in your old age . . . which they help you to reach much faster!

Sun Valley. Police arrested a girl member of the local nudist colony, but were forced to let her go. (They couldn't pin a thing on her!)

Geneva. A world-famous billionaire is so hard-hearted, he refuses to donate even one cent to any charitable institution. (You couldn't warm up to him, even if you were cremated together!)

Philadelphia. The head of a large discount clothing store was recently sent to a mental hospital. (Even when he went crazy—he was only 50% off!)

Toledo. Inflation note. Various consumer protection groups claim that high prices charged in supermarkets constitute nothing less than robbery or extortion. (We got suspicious when the checker asked for payment in small, unmarked bills!)

Atlanta. A survey shows that most people are inclined to doctor themselves out of medical books. (One guy we know died of a misprint!)

Fort Bragg. In order to increase enlistments, the Pentagon is trying to make Army life more like civilian life. (If you call for a medic—you get an answering service!)

Dallas. In addition to the usual coffee, tea or milk, some airlines are considering the inclusion of prune juice on their menu. (Pan Am makes the *going* great!)

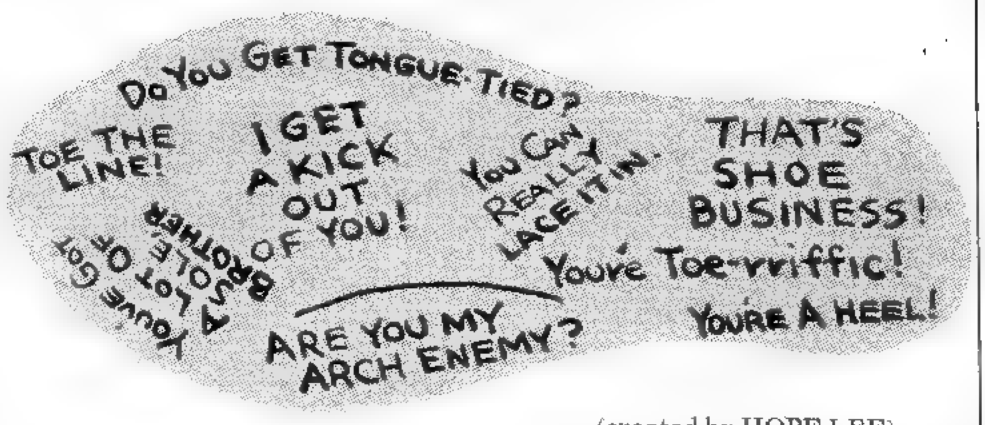
New Haven. Educators are considering an experimental type of high school comprised entirely of juvenile delinquents, which they feel should lead to a new kind of "honor" student. ("Yes, Your Honor," "No, Your Honor!")

WOULD YOU BUY A USED TAPE FROM THIS MAN?

Duluth. Girl sues health club, claiming she was seduced by an attendant while lying under the sunlamp. (Ultra-violated!)

Burbank. Due to the high cost of production, almost every movie studio is undergoing an economy drive. (Over at Disney, we hear they're re-shooting that classic as "Snow White and the Three Dwarfs!")

FOOT OF THE MONTH



(created by HOPE LEE)

World

PRAYER FOR TODAY:
The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away: Indian-giver is the name of the Lord.

NEWS OF THE MONTH

by FRED WOLFE

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY TOOK PAYOLA!

Washington, D.C. In anticipation of his coming visit to Moscow, President Nixon has sent Secretary of State Henry Kissinger to lay the ground-work for formal summit talks. (Probably stopped at the "*Comrade* Hilton!")

Detroit. Automotive boo boo? General Motors recalled 40,000 cars that had absolutely nothing wrong with them. (Probably trying to figure out what they'd done *right!*)

Johnstown. Many Americans have been successfully removed from the welfare rolls and into steady jobs, proving again that hard work never killed anybody. (However, there are a few holdouts who are taking no chances on becoming the first victim!)

Maryland. Congressional experts report that medical costs have become exorbitant and often out of reach of the common man. (Now you know what to do until the doctor comes—borrow money!)

Ohio. Sociologists have noted that women's liberationists have had such an adverse effect on their mates that in many cases one is hard-pressed to tell whether the husband is a man or a mouse. (Ah, come on, guys—*squeak* up!)

Newark. Consumer advocates have been questioning the usefulness of the electric toothbrush. (What nonsense! It's great for cleaning your electric can-opener!)

New York City. During the recent energy shortage, motorists could only obtain gasoline on odd or even days. (When asked if they were *odd*; everyone in Greenwich Village answered, "Yes!")

Los Angeles. The "Gatsby" craze has brought back the boyish look in women's fashions and ultra-slim models are again in demand. (To get the job, you gotta be able to walk through a harp!)

Nashville. Two teen-age rock artists have decided to call it quits and seek a divorce. (It started out as "puppy love"—but has gone to the dogs!)

Amalgamated Press. As an innovation in more humane penal treatment, a fashion show was held at Riker's Island Prison. (Big deal—everyone wore stripes!)

KOOKY KLASSIFIEDS

NOTICE: To the bank robbers who broke into our Main Street Branch: the City National Bank offers complete banking service at all of our offices. Next time you have a financial problem, let one of our trained loan officers assist you. BOX 75S

FOR SALE: Practically new complete 36-volume set of the Encyclopedia Americana. Never used—my wife knows everything. BOX 64W

WANTED: Husband for beautiful blonde, age 19. Must have money to support her in absolute luxury. Taste runs to minks, caviar and diamonds. Applicants please write "Desperate Father," BOX 61 B

LONELY: Male, old enough to know better, wishes ■ meet female not quite that old. BOX 45T

WANTED: Unhappy married man with 10 books of green stamps, wishes to meet attractive unattached woman with same. Object: electric coffeepot and grounds for divorce. BOX 87E

PRUFEREEDUR WANTED—The local Times needs a prufereeder for too weeks this summer. If you kan due the job and want ta make a coupla weeke's pay, right at wunce. If this ad looks allwright too you, dont right to us. BOX 39G

LOST: My wife lost her charge plates for several department stores. If found, do not return until after Christmas. Reward if instructions are followed. BOX 54D

LONELY? Attractive young Democrat male desires to meet equally attractive young Republican female. Object: third party. BOX 31X

STOP AIR POLLUTION: MUFFLE YOUR CONGRESSMAN!

CRIME &

ASTONISHMENT

by Mike Royko

While walking to my car the other evening, I happened to meet a young man who pointed a pistol at my nose.

I put my hands in the air, but he said: "Don't you know how to salute?"

"Of course," I said, snapping my right hand to my brow, "but I've never been asked to salute during a robbery before."

This is not a robbery," he said.

"Oh, I said, putting my arms down, what a relief."

"Put 'em up and give me your money," he snapped.

"But you told me this wasn't a robbery."

It isn't. I am General Zipp of the Mayonaise Liberation and Deliberation Forces and I am here to deappropriate your fascist, pig, capitalistic wealth."

"Thank God," I said, "robbers make me nervous."

* * *

You will be treated according to the rules of Genevieve's Convention," he said, but don't shout or I'll blow your head off."

As he went through my pockets, I said: "I'm surprised that a general would be out on such a mission. Why don't you use the enlisted men."

"I would, but the only enlisted man in my army is my brother, and he was captured by the fascist, pig, capitalist forces yesterday on a charge of shoplifting. I have launched this attack on you in order to raise bond for him."

He finished his search and said: "Now I am going to free you. But I warn you not to call the Pentagon or the cops for at least one minute."

"I agree to your terms," I said. We exchanged salutes, which was my mistake, since he spotted my Timex and took that, too.

As he ran toward a pawnshop, I resumed my walk, but within a block I saw a young man with a brick in his hand pursuing an old lady.

He gave her a healthy whack on the shawl and began going through her purse.

Not being an indifferent New Yorker, I shouted: "Robbery."

He turned and said: "You insult me. I happen to be an Admiral in the North Branch Fleet of the Side Street Navy of Liberation and De-occupation and all that stuff. And she is my prisoner."

My mistake," I said. "I took you for a common thug. These days, it is difficult to know."

Your apology is accepted," he said, while yanking her wedding band from her hand. He snorted in disgust: "No diamonds. I haven't taken a decent prisoner all night."

Having finished with her, he headed for an alley. I saluted, which was another mistake, since he noticed my ring and gave me a neat shot in the brow with his brick.

As I neared my car, a couple of young men sprung from a doorway brandishing knives.

I snapped to attention and said: "I am prepared to negotiate in good faith."

"Good," they said. "Surrender your car keys and according to the rules of the Genoa Convention we might not cut your throat."

As they stripped my car of its tires, battery and hubcaps, I asked: "You chaps from the field artillery?"

"Motor pool," they said. "We can get $50 for this stuff."

* * *

I decided to ride the subway.

As I entered the station, three young men were pummelling a drunk and using a screwdriver to pry the gold from his teeth. He moaned and one of them said: "Silence, prisoner, we must liberate your fascist pig teeth.

"How'll I eat," he moaned.

"We'll leave you a molar," they said, which convinced me that they were officers as well as gentlemen.

Finally, at my front door, a figure with a baseball bat leaped out of the gangway and said: "Don't make a move."

I saluted and said: "I am prepared to give you my name, rank and serial number."

"Just give me your money," he said. "This is a stickup."

"At last," I said. "Peace."

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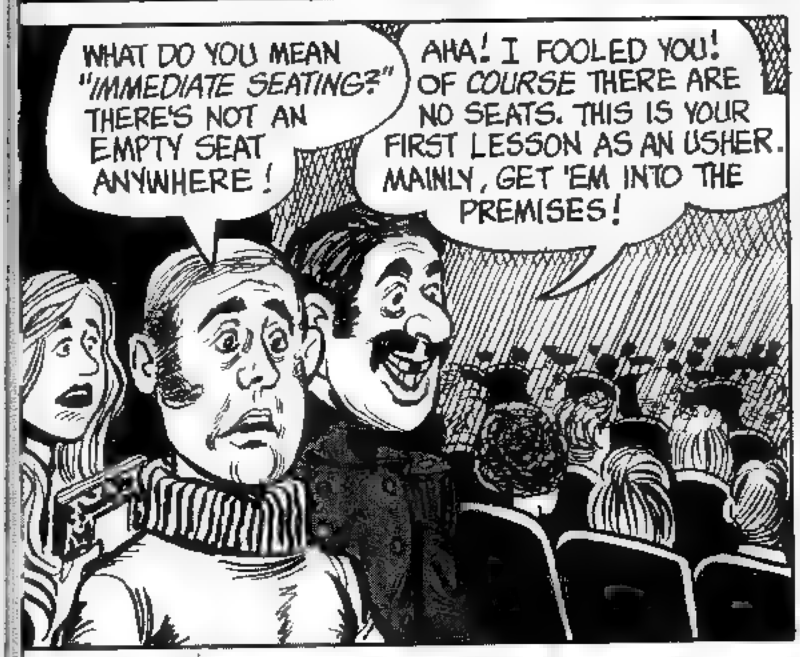
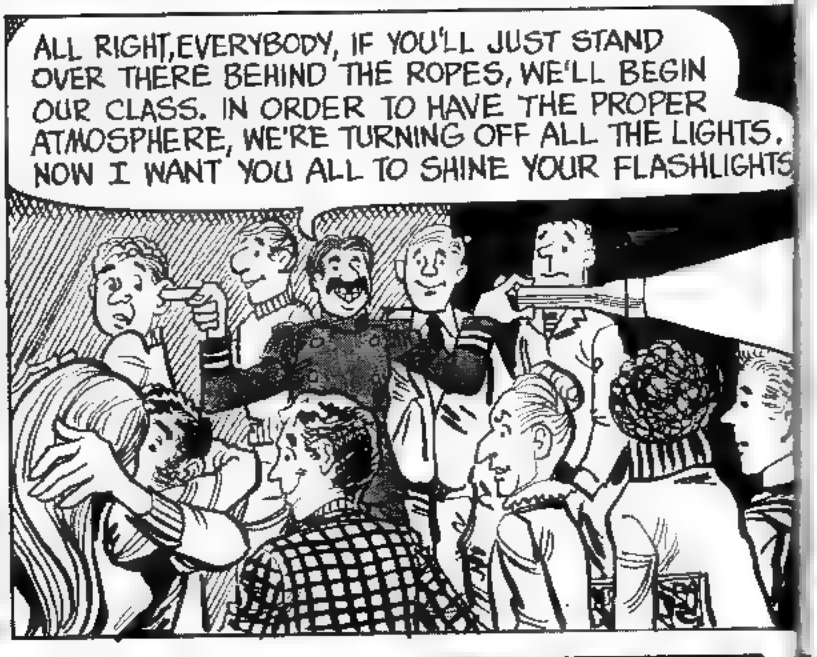
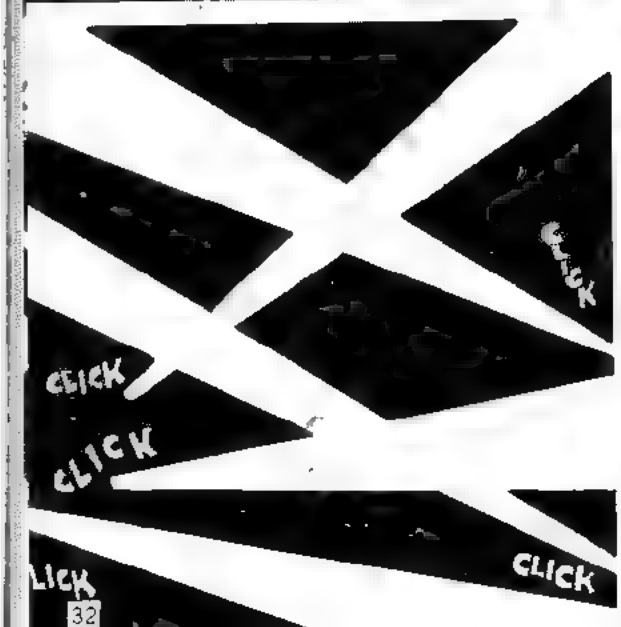
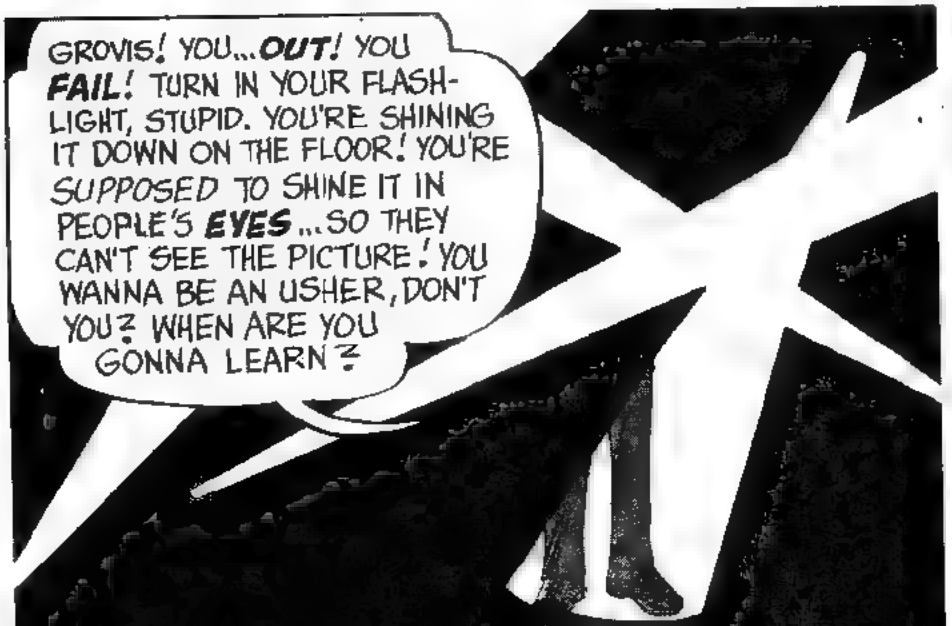
Movies may be better than ever, but movie ushers– they are "badder than ever!" SICK, probing for the reason, found out why in a visit to a typical . . .

TRAINING SCHOOL







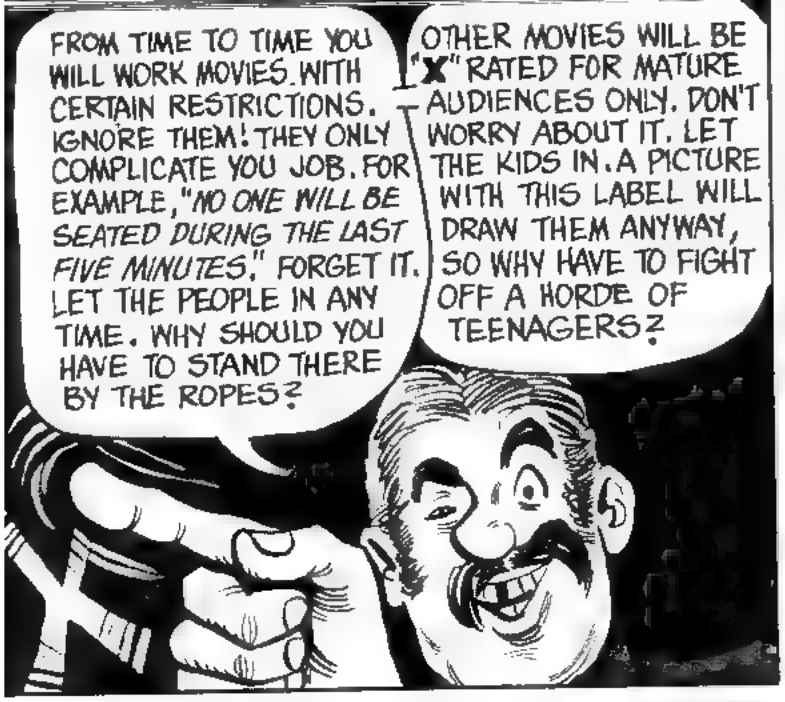


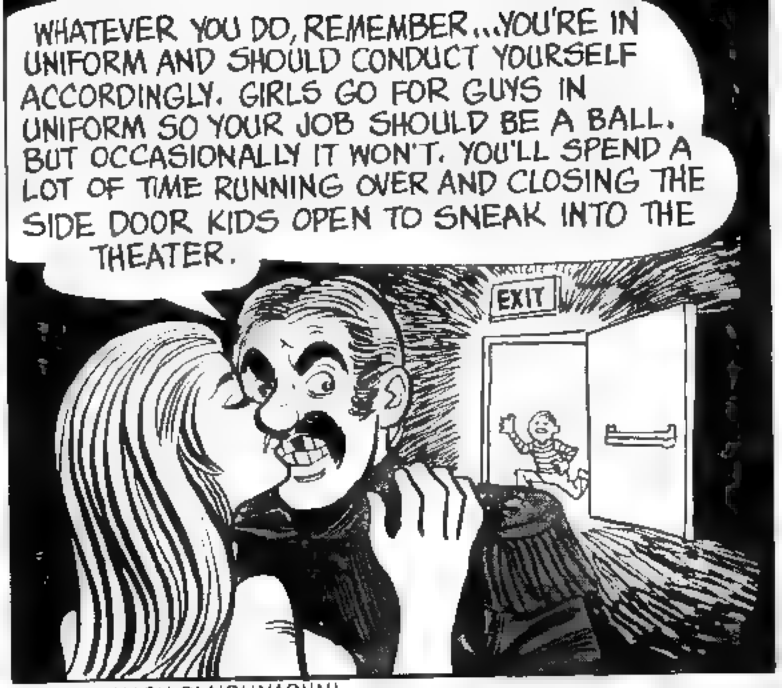
FOR USHERS

Script by
ARON MAYER

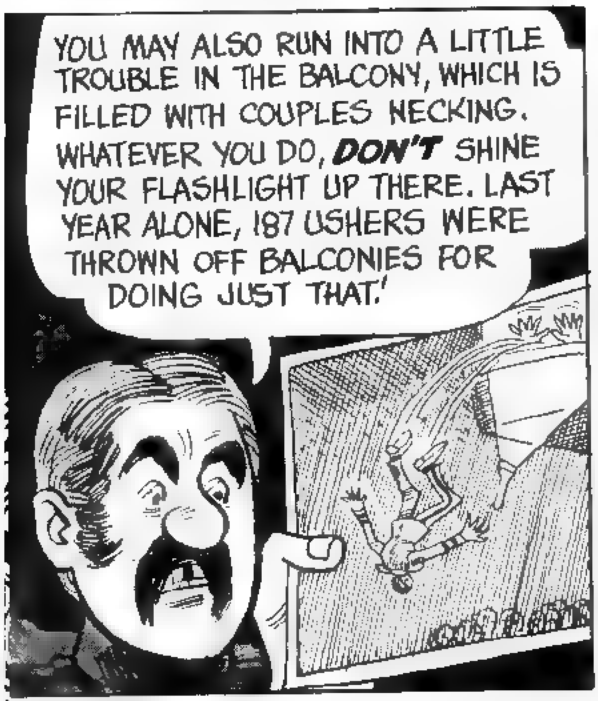
Art by
TONY TALLARICO

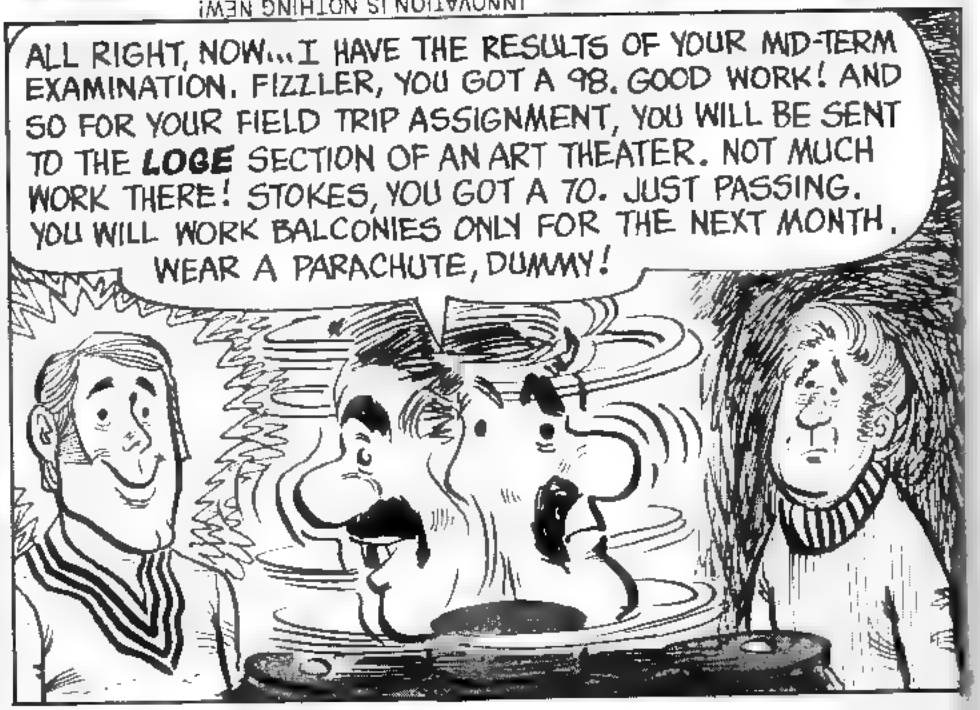
GOD IS AN AGNOSTIC!

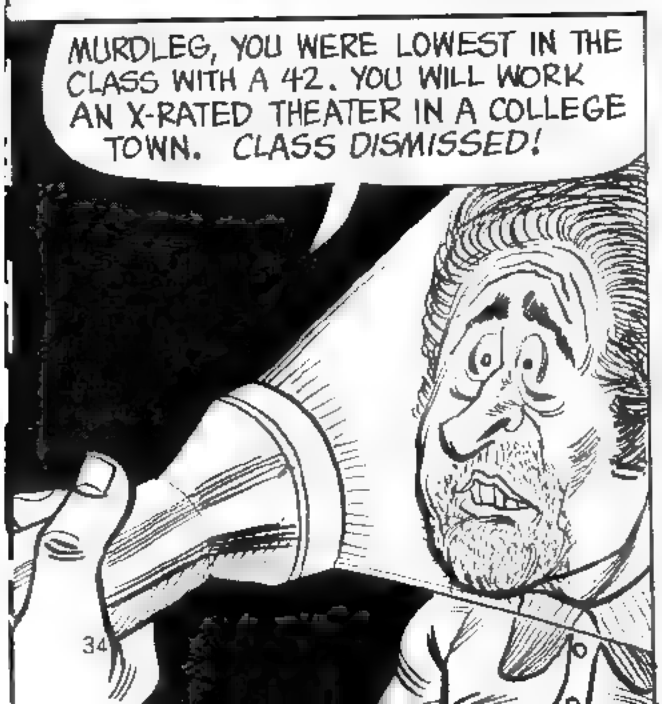


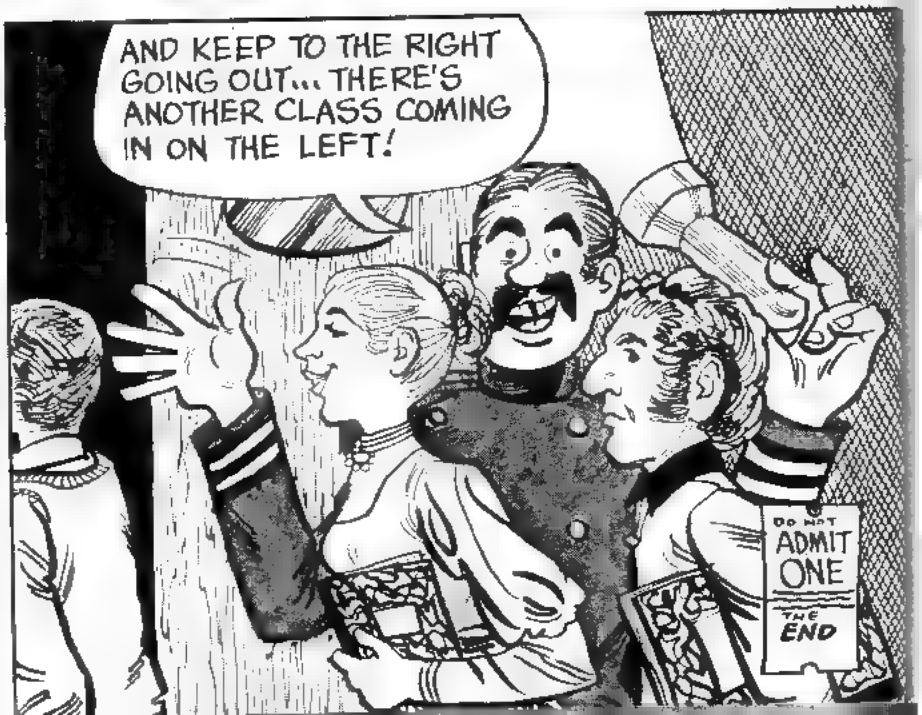


INNOVATION IS NOTHING NEW!

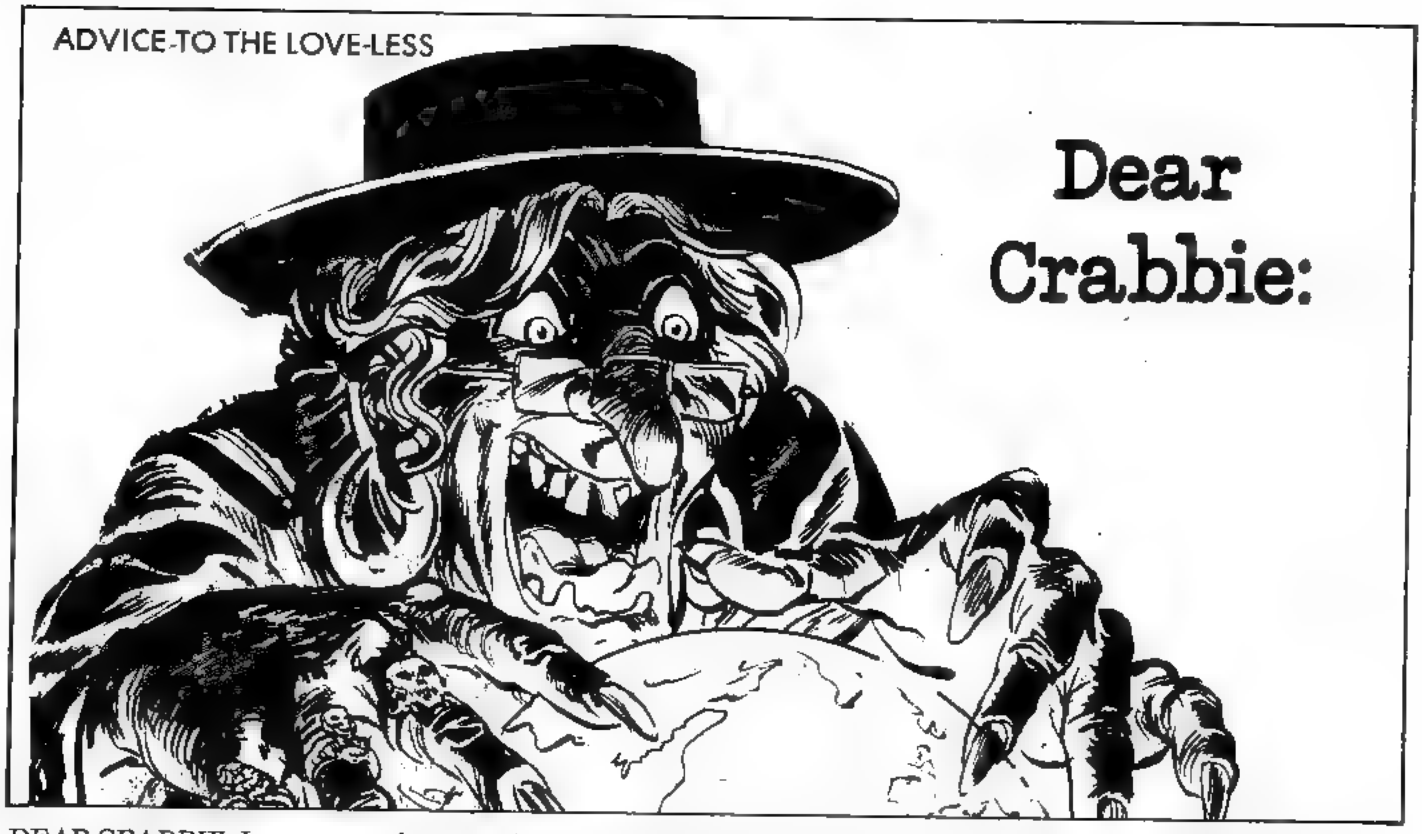








ADVICE-TO THE LOVE-LESS



HELP DELIVER US FROM EVEL KNIEVEL!

DEAR CRABBIE: I am engaged to a wonderful girl but all she ever wants to do is sit around and bill and coo. Do you think it will be like that after we're married?

—GORGEOUS GEORGE

DEAR GORGEOUS GEORGE: You'll find that the coos may end in a few months, but the bills will go on forever.

●●●

DEAR CRABBIE: I am a railroad man and, understandably, quite punctual. Six months ago, I met a lovely Las Vegas showgirl and married her after a whirlwind courtship of two weeks. Now she tells me we're going to have a little visitor next month. Isn't the baby ahead of time?

—UN-TRAINED

DEAR UN-TRAINED: No. The baby's on time. It's you who are a little late. Let's hope you make the next one!

●●●

DEAR CRABBIE: My girlfriend is TV crazy. When we watch TV, she pretends I'm the bad guy in the Western and she belts me. Then, when we watch the private-eye shows, she makes believe she's a cop and bang, she wallops me again. Since there is no fun in it for me, how can I cure her of this habit?

—CLOBBERED

DEAR CLOBBERED: Stop tuning in on hit shows.

DEAR CRABBIE: The other night, I set an intricate trap to catch the person who has been sneaking into my room and reading my diary. After all, this diary contains all my intimate thoughts and feelings. It is highly personal. Well, here's what I did: I loaded my Polaroid camera and hid in a closet and waited for three hours. My family all thought I was at a friend's house. Finally, somebody opened the door to my room, tiptoed in and opened the drawer where I keep my diary. Crabbie, did I get a revealing photograph . . . and guess who the culprit was—my mother. She was embarrassed, but she says that she has a right to know what I am doing and thinking. In my opinion, she is wrong and this is thought control. What do you think?

—PHOTO UPSET

DEAR PHOTO UPSET: Tell Mom that the written word is sacred—and secret! **You do have a right to privacy, and a little heart-to-heart talk with Mom may enable you to** write on!

●●●

DEAR CRABBIE: My daughter is brilliant in school. She has made the Dean's List every year and has a 97 average. Unfortunately, when it comes to common-sense, she sometimes convinces me that she goes to the bottom of the class. No matter how much I protest, she spends 20, 30 and 40 minutes a day under the sunlamp, totally unconcerned about the fact that even the manufacturers of sunlamps warn users not to say under for more than two or three minutes at a time. Also, I live in fear that my daughter will go to sleep under the lamp and suffer first-degree burns!

—BURNED-UP MOM

DEAR BURNED-UP MOM: Let a doctor speak to your daughter. Maybe he can shed a little light on the subject and effectively warn your daughter about the dangers of trying too hard to become the toast of the town.

●●●

DEAR CRABBIE: I'm a big-league ballplayer. My present wife just found out that I was still seeing my former wife. She changed the lock and won't let me into the house. My first wife, who doesn't know I've remarried, is going to meet my present wife at a baseball wives' luncheon coming up next month. What about my predicament?

—IN-A-BOX

DEAR IN-A-BOX: Here's the way it looks to me: You're safe at first, out at home, and there's a crucial double-header coming up!

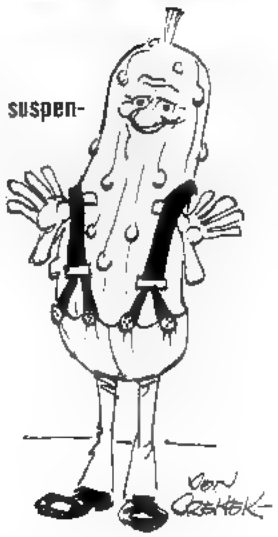
●●●

Ever since Vlasic Foods began its national TV ad campaign in which a pregnant woman is told by her husband, "Wake up, sweetie, it's time for your four o'clock pickle," that company has been in the vanguard of TV commercial humor. Now, owner Bob Vlasic has assembled his favorite and funniest pickle-your-funnybone ha-has into a softcover book titled **101 Pickle Jokes** *(Pyramid, 95¢). The book, a real dilly, has sold more than half a million copies, probably because it's a (pickle) barrel of fun!*

101

What is green and insulting?
Don Pickles.

Why did the pickle wear red suspenders?
The blue ones broke!

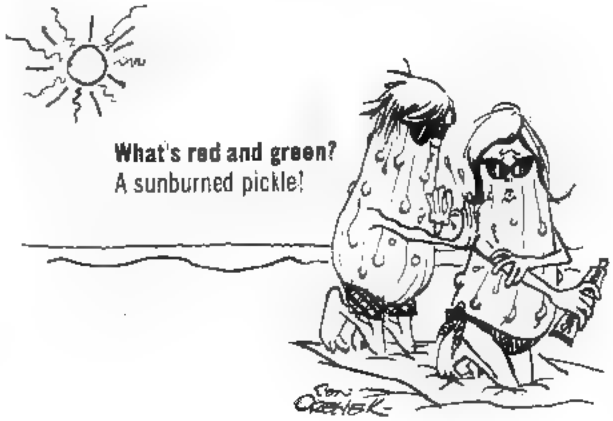


How do you say pickle in French?
Pickle in French!

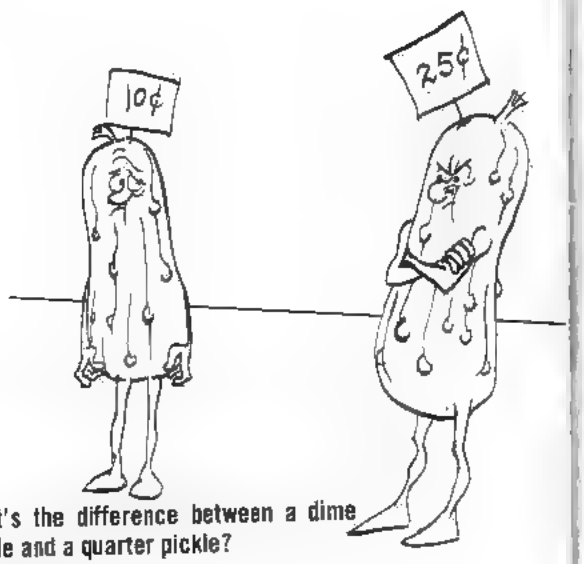
Who does the boy cucumber dig the most?
The pickle dish!

Who said, "I never met a pickle I didn't like?"
Dill Rogers!

Why did the pickle close its eyes?
It saw the salad dressing.



What's red and green?
A sunburned pickle!

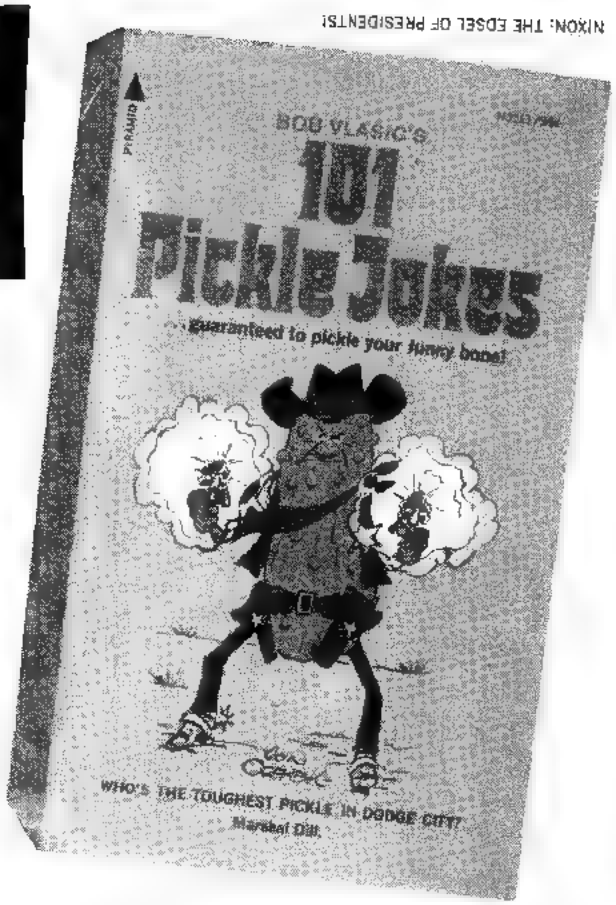


Why does a pickle cross the road?
To get to the other side dish!

What's the difference between a dime pickle and a quarter pickle?
Fifteen cents!

EXCLUSIVE: 99.44/100% IS REALLY 99-11/25%!

Pickle Jokes



What's green and shoots below par golf?
Jack Picklaus!

When a cucumber tours England, where does it go first?
Pickledilly Circus.

What's the phrase heard most often at pickle card games?
Dill me in.

Who is the pickle Knute Rockne?
Pat O'Brine.

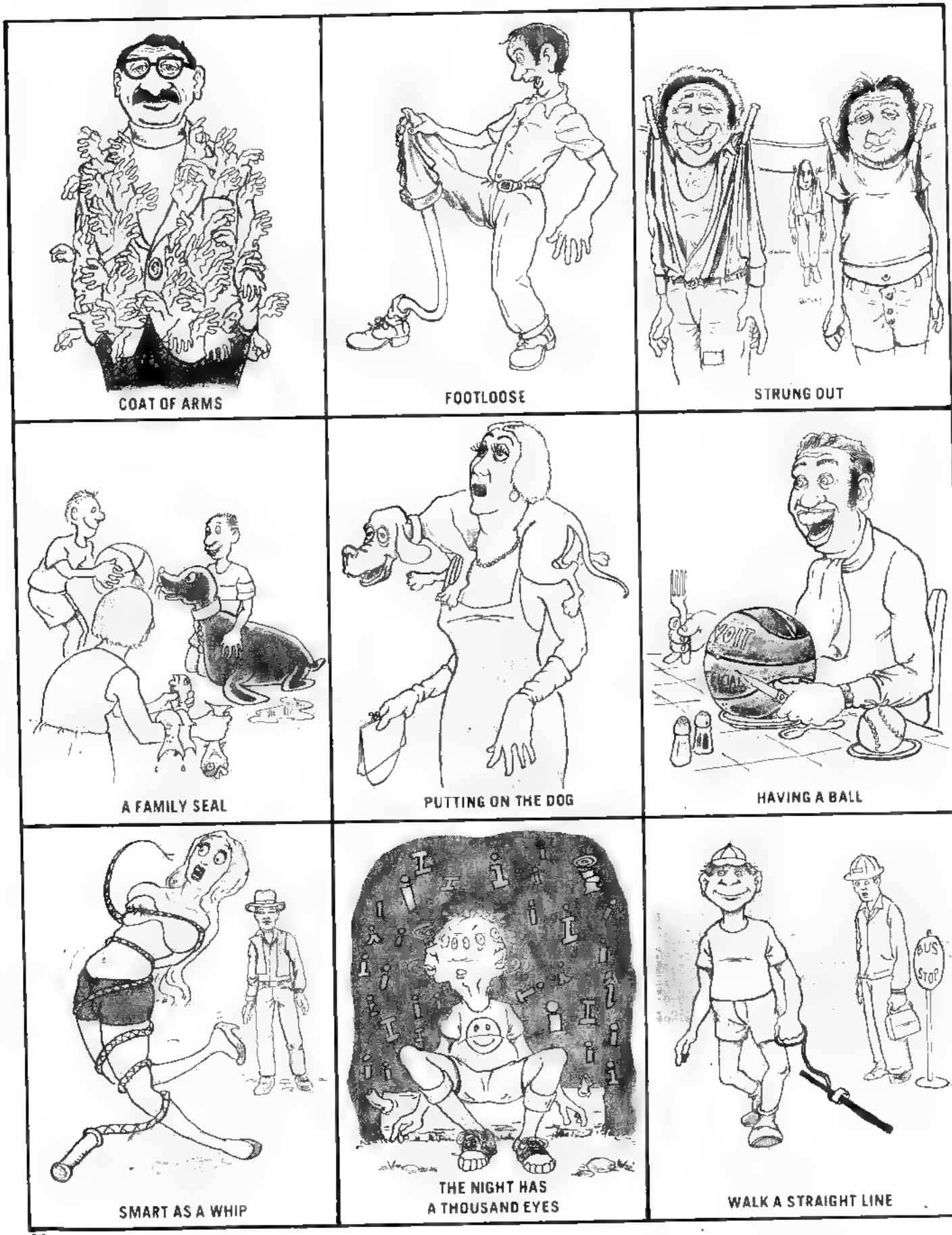
Why do gherkins giggle a lot?
They're picklish.

What is green, is faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive, able to leap tall buildings at a single bound?
Super-pickle.

How do you make a pickle laugh?
Tell it an elephant joke.

Here's a little thing we've come up with. Namely, taking everyday phrases or figures of speech, and showing how they might look if they were drawn out. The result is such a mind-blower, that we call it . . .

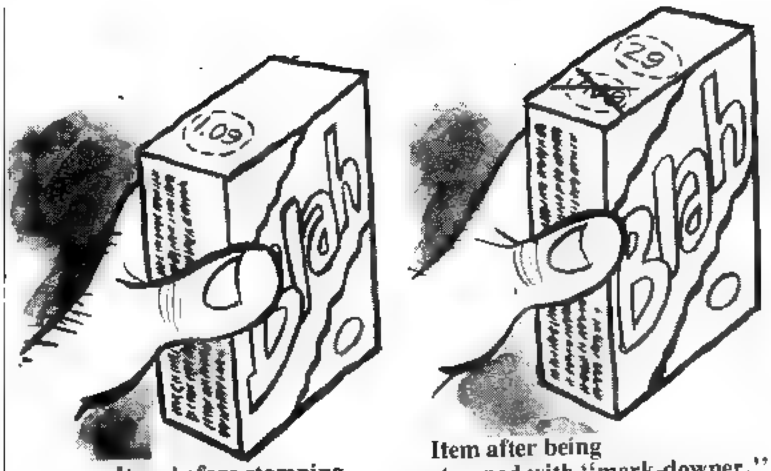
GOING



PHRASY

Script by HOPE LEE
Art by BILL BURKE

RECALL RALPH NADER!

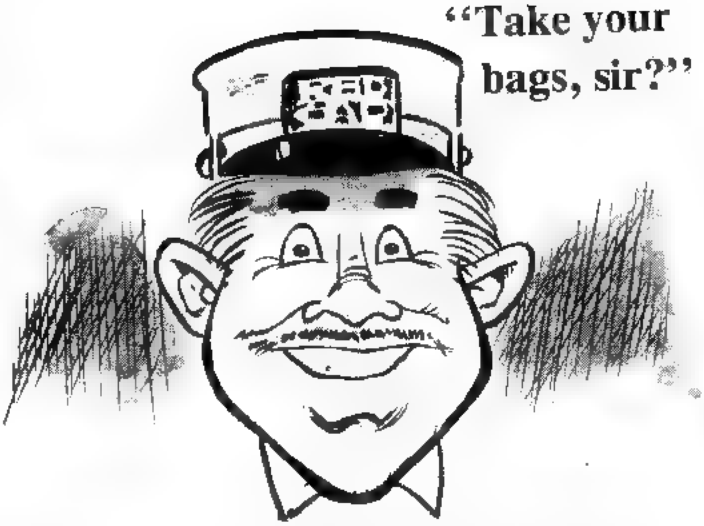


Item before stamping with "mark-downer."

Item after being stamped with "mark-downer." Note more attractive price.

The Supermarket Mark-Downer

The supermarket mark-downer is a specially made marking stamp that automatically *crosses out* original price and stamps on newer, more desirable figure. Keep this handy invention with you whenever you shop. Then feel free to slash your food bill!



THE PORTER WHO DOESN'T LEAVE THEM HOLDING THE BAG

A red hat and a ready smile is all that is needed at air, rail or bus terminals in order to relieve wealthy travelers of their luggage and the contents—*forever!*

INSTANT MONEY SECTION:

INFLATION GOT YOU DOWN? WANT TO MAKE BIG MONEY FAST? Now it's easy, foolproof, practically guaranteed! No gimmicks, books to buy, or empty promises ... just proven methods on...

HOW TO MAKE BIG MONEY

Script by JOHN FARRIS

FREE ELECTRICITY PLUG-IN UNIT

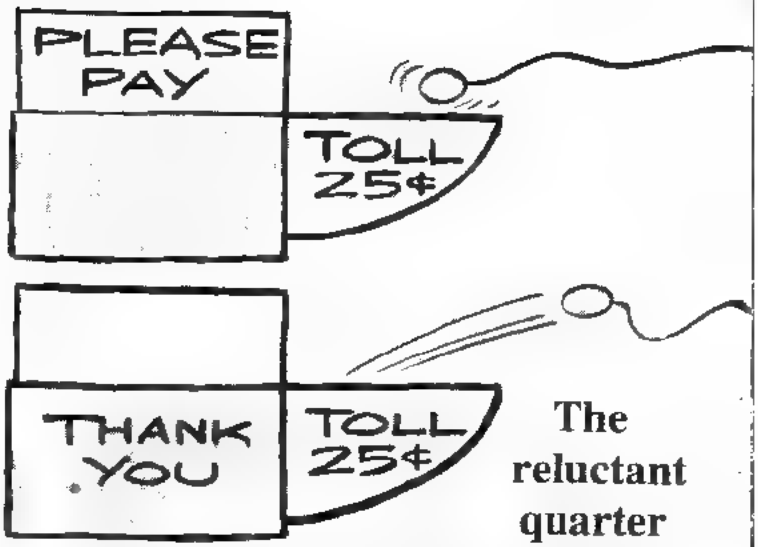
Discontinue your electric service immediately, and simply use the Plug-in Unit to enjoy free utility service for the rest of your life. **WARNING:** *If the lights go out, do not—repeat—do not ask for a company serviceman to make a service call. Assume it is an area blackout and wait for the resumption of power.*

PROGRAM FOR ASPIRING MILLIONAIRES

Have you ever looked *closely* at a football program before you took your seat? Neither does anyone else. For this reason, enterprising young men can make very good money, very quickly, selling *last* year's football programs to the inrushing crowds!

The mouse in the whiskey bottle

After consuming a bottle of whiskey, champagne, etc., place the body of a small mouse *(in desperately climbing position)* inside bottle. Take bottle back to liquor store or send back to distillery with properly outraged letter. Purchase price will be refunded although there will be a protesting letter sent to you, citing impossibility of this taking place because of quality control, inspections, etc.



The reluctant quarter

This handy turnpike toll-beater is nothing more than a quarter with an elasticized string attached to it. Just flip coin into toll basket, wait for ringing of payment bell, then withdraw. It's *that* easy! During heavy summer driving, it is advisable to have children work the reluctant quarter. In this way, if police see and stop car for questioning, the driver can maintain that he did not realize the foolish child was trying to cheat the law, and that "it will never happen again!"

IN A BIG HURRY!!!!!!

Art by JOHN LANGTON

Want to make even more money for years to come? Then send for our FREE "Guide to Instant Money for YOU for Years Ahead." Although the guide to instant money is free, government regulations force us to charge a nominal $274.56 in handling charges. Send for your super money-making FREE guide today. It's free because we love you!

HOTEL FREE KEY.

Don't bother with the time-consuming checking-in at hotels. Just take the elevator to the floor of your choice, use your handy Hotel Free Key to select an empty room. To avoid detection, make room selections late at night, after everyone has checked into the hotel. **WARNING:** *Do not leave your Free Key at the desk when leaving in the morning. Also, dumbkopfs, do not check out!*

THE BILL SHREDDER

Worried about bills, bills, bills. Well, stop worrying. Just drop every one of those nasty bills into the Bill Shredder and send the contents to a paper recycling outfit—and bill them for the paper! Oh, yes, add all those dunning letters you will get to the hungry maw of the Bill Shredder. And as for those husky collectors the companies will ultimately send around, you have two choices: Either you can move or you can drop them into the shredder!

CHILDREN SHOULD BE OBSCENE AND NOT HEARD!

OUT OF THE MOUTHES OF BOOBS

Barklett's Unfamiliar Quotations

OVER 1,000,000 QUOTATIONS
FROM WORLD-FAMOUS CELEBRITIES
(and some out-of-this world!

COMPLETE AND UNABASHED

"Tis better to have loved and lost . . ."
—ARTIE SHAW

"I have a lot of money, how come I'm always short?"
—MICKEY ROONEY

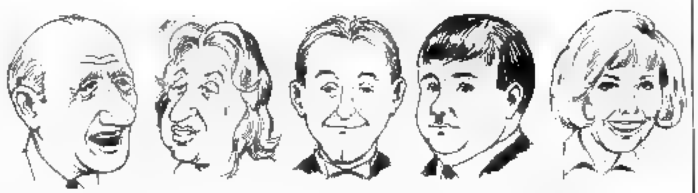
"Not a mop, stupid, you need a shovel for that!"
—ED SULLIVAN

"I know they'll find me soon . . . nobody ever stays lost in Central Park . . ."
—AMELIA EARHART

"Darn you, woman, wipe that smile off your face!"
—LEONARDO DA VINCI

"Put that in your pipe and smoke it!"
—MRS. TIMOTHY LEARY

"Help! Lemme outta here!"
—HARRY HOUDINI



"A half-bottle of Murene, please . . ."
—DR. CYCLOPS

"You and your darn theater parties, Mary!"
—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"Only 10 more chopping days till Christmas!"
—LIZZIE BORDEN

"My husband's the salt of the earth!"
—LOT'S WIFE

"The big guy's alwasy talking chop!"
—PAUL BUNYAN

"Superfragilisticexpialicalidocious!"
—ENGLEBERT HUMPERDINCK

"I told you so!"
—GEORGE McGOVERN

"Hold still, honey, it won't be long now!"
—DELILAH

"The reports of my breath are greatly exaggerated!"
—OLIVER DRAGON

"Don't worry . . . I'm keeping an eye on everything!"
—MOSHE DAYAN

"Moonlight becomes me!"
—COUNT DRACULA

"I still say we can settle out of court . . ."
—ADOLPH EICHMANN

"I'll drink to that . . ."
—SOCRATES

"You know, you guys really kill me . . ."
—JULIUS CAESAR

"You'll never guess what just gave me a hickey . . ."
—CLEOPATRA

"It's not easy growing old gracefully . . ."
—METHUSALAH

"Twas brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gymble in the wabes."

—MARLON BRANDO

"I got drunk last night and did what?"

—COMMANDER ALAN SHEPHERD

"Two's company, three's a crowd . . ."

—TINKERS & EVERS

"Nah, it was probably the wind!"

—HAMLET

"Raindrops keep fallin' on my head . . ."

—RIP VAN WINKLE

"Strike while the iron is hot!"

—LOCAL 39, TAILOR'S UNION

"Charge it, please . . ."

—MRS. ONASSIS

"It's tough bringing home the Shakespeare . . ."

—BACON

"How did I know what was going on? I was only following orders!"

—ADOLF HITLER

"Is this the face that launched a thousand ships?"

—JACKIE ONASSIS

"All's well that ends "Well!"

—JACK BENNY

"Would you please press 23 for me?"

—MICKEY ROONEY

"Name me one person Robin Hood ever gave money to?"

—LITTLE JOHN

"Two heads are better than one . . ."

—LATRINE MAKERS OF AMERICA

"There is no such thing as Father Flanagan!"

—A BAD BOY

"What's in a name?
That which we call a rose
By any name would smell as sweet."

—EFREM ZIMBALIST, JR.

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree."

—LASSIE

"I never met a man I didn't like."

—ZSA ZSA GABOR

"I'd rather write than be President."

—DAVID EISENHOWER

"Double, double, toilet trouble."

—DR. SPOCK

"Water, Water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

—DEAN MARTIN

"A Ms. is as good as a Male."

—BETTY FRIEDAN

"We have met the enemy and they are "r"s."

—1ST GENERATION CHINESE-AMERICANS

"Why did everybody want to made a Federal case out of it?"

—JIMMY HOFFA

"No matter how much I drink, I still can't get high!"

—TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

"O.K., I'll paint the ceilings, but I refuse to do woodwork!"

—MICHELANGELO

"Whattaya mean, you presume? Who else could I be, you idiot?"

—DR. LIVINGSTON

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ear . . ."

—VINCENT VAN GOGH

"I don't know what it is, but I never seem to finish anythin' . . ."

—FRANZ SCHUBERT

"Out, out, damned Spot!"

—DICK AND JANE

"I can't believe I ate the whole thing!"

—JONAH'S WHALE

"No noose is good noose . . ."

—BILLY THE KID

"Oh, yeah? Well, you can go fly a kite!"

—MRS. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

"I always wanted to see the Empire State Building, but not this way!"

—FAY WRAY

"I ask you . . . how can I go to work if they don't provide Day-Care Centers?"

—OLD WOMAN IN SHOE

"Would they settle for Oreo cookies?"

—MARIE ANTOINETTE

"Something in the way he walks
Excites me like no other lover . . . "

—OONA O'NEILL

"After what I did for her, I have to pay for the cleaning bill?"

—SIR WALTER RALEIGH

"The Devil made me do it!"

—MRS. LUCIFER

"I'll never go there again, it cost me an arm and a leg!"

—VENUS DE MILO

"Never give a sucker an even break!"

—LOLLIPOP MANUFACTURERS OF AMERICA

"Whattaya tryin' to do, Ma, give me a complex?"

—OEDIPUS

"We've got to stop meeting like this, Mr. Booth, Abe suspects . . . "

—MRS. LINCOLN

"Whattaya mean, I said?"

—CONFUCIOUS

"Wait a minute and I'll straighten the whole thing out . . . "

—QUASIMODO'S CHIROPRACTOR

"O.K., who's the wise guy who stole my galosh?"

—CAPTAIN AHAB

"Who ordered this upside-down cake?"

—CAPTAIN OF THE POSEIDON

"I was framed, I tell you!"

—WHISTLER'S MOTHER

"Thank heaven for little girls . . . "

—GEORGIE JESSEL

"Man, what a bunch of amateurs!"

—TED MACK

"I do!"

—ZSA ZSA GABOR

"I Want To Be Around To Pick Up The Pieces When Somebody Breaks Your Heart . . . "

—CHRISTIAN BARNARD

"I came, I saw, I conga'd . . . "

—DESI ARNAZ

"Hello, Dolly, it's so nice to have you back where you belong . . . "

—JAMES MADISON

"Funny, I don't look what?"

—SAMMY DAVIS, JR.

"That's the last time I'll ever get a transplant!"

—RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED

"Maybe if I wear a long beard, nobody'll notice . . . "

—JOHN THE BAPTIST

"He who steals my purse steals trash, but he who steals my good name . . . "

—IRVING TRASH

" !"

—MARCEL MARCEAU

"Whee-ee! Look at her go! This ol' crate'll do 100 . . . "

—THE LATE GEORGE APLEY

"You can get a hernia on a job like this!"

—BRUCE LEE

"It's not nice to fool Mother Nature!"

—CHARLES DARWIN

"Please don't squeeze the Charmin!"

—MRS. CHARMIN

"!$#&'&$"!"

—LINDA BLAIR (THE EXORCIST)

"Impeachment with honor!"

—RICHARD NIXON

A SUB-HUMAN ADVENTURE:

The scientific research ship COLLAPSO steams through charted and uncharted waters—after having been tested in skipper JERQUE KOOKSTEAU's bathtub. Join us as we explore the real underworld while the intrepid, brilliant captain and crew submerge deeper than even they can fathom . . .

THE UNDERSEA WORLD OF JERQUE KOOKSTEAU

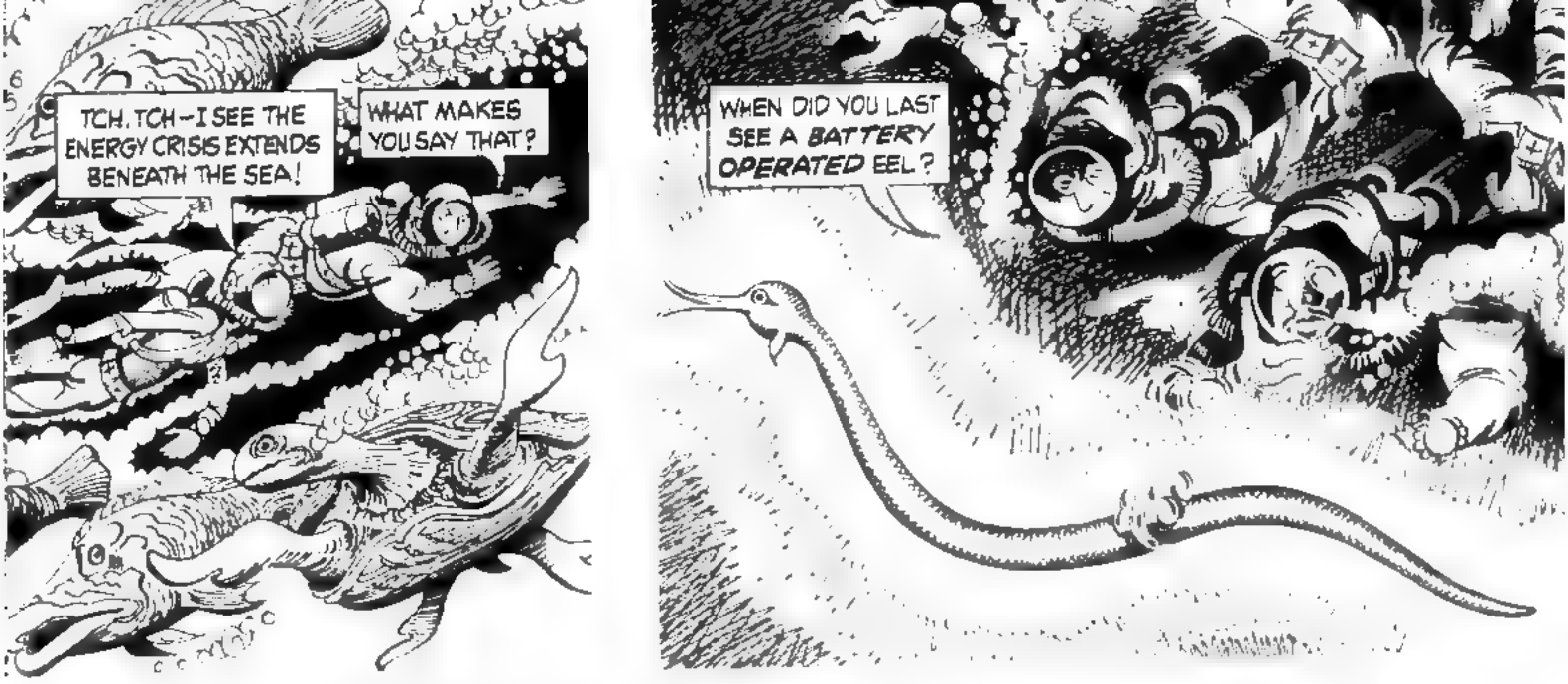
Script by **LEN HERMAN**

Art by **JERRY GRANDENETTI**

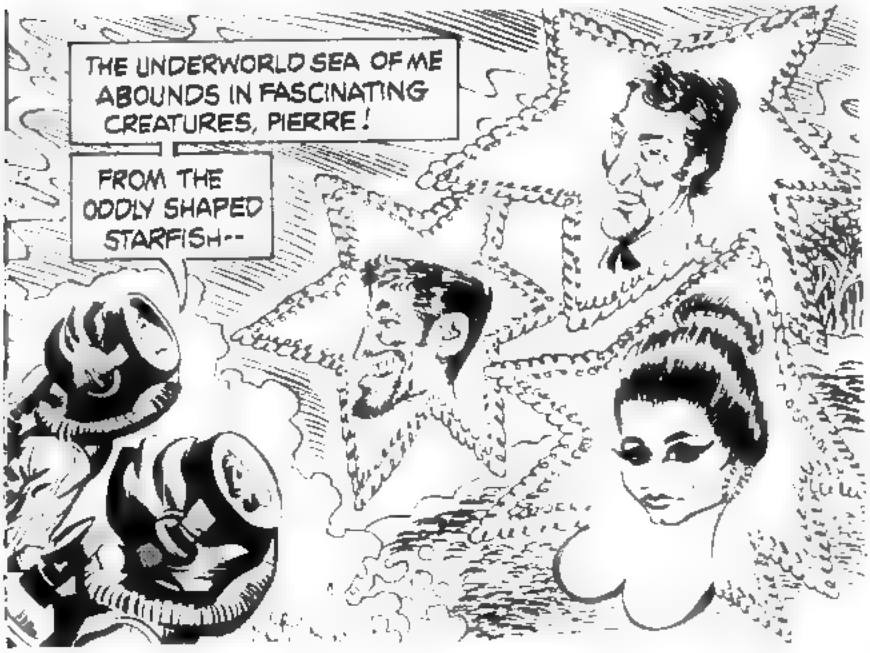
THE MARQUIS DE SADE WAS EVERYBODY'S WHIPPING BOY!

ALEXANDER THE GREAT WAS GOOD. BUT NOT GREAT!

WATCH OUT, CAPTAIN, THERE ARE SHARKS IN THESE WATERS!
DO NOT FEAR, PIERRE! I HAVE AN UNUSUALLY BEAUTIFUL RAPPORT WITH ALL THE DENIZENS OF THE DEEP!
WHEN I APPROACH A SEA BEING, HE SENSES MY LOVE! HE KNOWS I COME IN FRIENDSHIP, MY HEART OVERFLOWING WITH SINCERE WARMTH AND COMPASSION!
KITCHY KOO!
GRRRRRRRR
OF COURSE IF THAT DOESN'T WORK--
SNAP!
--THERE'S ALWAYS THE OLD SPEAR GUN!
TWANG!
DISGUSTING CREATURES, SHARKS! HAVE YOU EVER WITNESSED A FEEDING FRENZY?
YES, CAPTAIN-- EVERY NIGHT ABOARD THE CALLAPSO!
GIMME THAT BREAD.
#@!?*!#@ YOU GIVE ME A PAIN!
SACRE BLEU!
PEEG!
HEY! GET YOUR FEET OUT OF THE MASHED POTATOES!



EDGAR ALLEN POE SLEPT WITH A NIGHT LIGHT

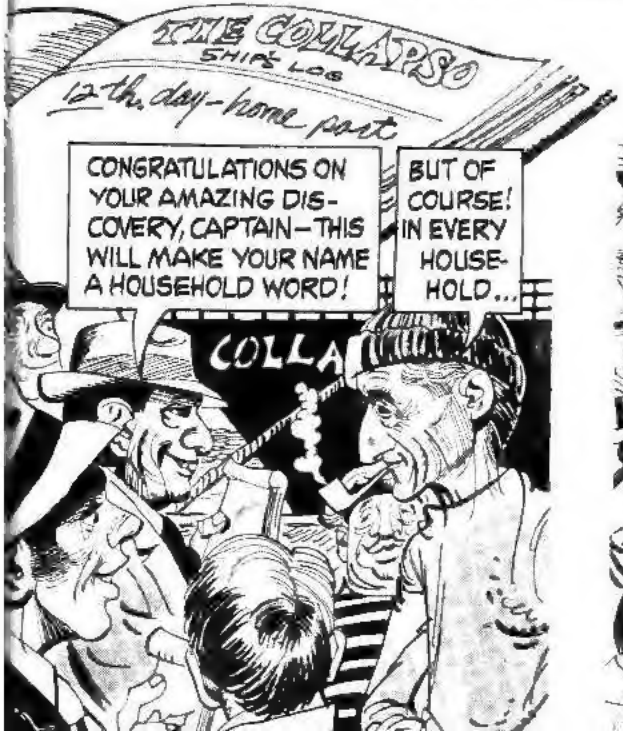


LOOK, PIERRE! OUR SEARCH HAS ENDED! THERE ARE OUR GIANT SARDINES!
ARE YOU SURE THEY'RE SARDINES, CAPTAIN?

POSITIVE!
AHOY, COLLAPSO- LOWER A NET!
ROGER! WHAT IS YOUR POSITION, CAPTAIN?
I'M ON MY STOMACH WITH MY FEET UP AND MY HEAD DOWN!

SOON...
THE SARDINES ARE SAFELY ABOARD, SIR — SHALL I WEIGH ANCHOR?
OF COURSE NOT— ANCHOR IS SELLING AT ONLY 10 CENTS A POUND!
WEIGH THE SARDINES!
SEA FOOD PRICES ZOOM
#8.16 LB. X3

OUR MISSION IS A SUCCESS! HEAD FOR PORT!
DON'T YOU REMEMBER, CAPTAIN? WE'RE OUT OF PORT!
IN THAT CASE, HEAD FOR SHERRY!
I'LL DRINK TO THAT!
COLLAPSO


THE COLLAPSO
SHIP'S LOG
12th. day-home port
CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR AMAZING DISCOVERY, CAPTAIN— THIS WILL MAKE YOUR NAME A HOUSEHOLD WORD!
BUT OF COURSE! IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD...
COLLA

---THAT CAN AFFORD 5,000 BUCKS FOR A CAN OF SARDINES!
JERQUE KOOKSTEAU BRAND GIANT SARDINES

SICK as it seems by LANGTON

Selma KOPPLEMANN of Indianapolis

FOUND WORK AS A CIRCUS TRAPEZE ARTIST--- DESPITE THE FACT SHE WAS **325 POUNDS!**

(she lied about her weight)

GRIME DOES NOT PAY!

Cat-Burglar Emile Vargas of PARIS...

...PERFORMED HIS SPECIALTY 1374 TIMES ...WITHOUT BEING ARRESTED ONCE!

(He has since retired and lives with the 1374 cats!)

Hobart MOTT

INVENTED A SUIT MADE ENTIRELY OF NEWSPAPERS ...AND WORE IT ON HIS 25TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY!

(UNFORTUNATELY HIS WIFE MISTAKINGLY THREW HIM OUT WITH THE GARBAGE!)

Horace Burnsky

WAS SUCH AN UGLY CHILD THAT AT THE AGE OF EIGHT *HIS PARENTS RAN AWAY FROM HOME!*

(At 16 he got acne and nobody even noticed!)

THE PRESIDENT OF ARGENTINA IS ALIVE AND LIVING IN GERMANY!

GAG MAG COVERS

CUT OUT ● PASTE ON ● TAKE OFF

LADIES' HARM

Journut

Inside PHILLIS DILLER's Kitchen

Why Housework Will Always Be A Drag

How You Can Gain Weight In 7 Ways

Sports Ill-stated

Is Johnny-On-A-Pony Fixed?

• • •

The Giants of Badminton

• • •

Has The Syndicate Moved Into Lacrosse?

PLAYBORE

The Libraries and Museums of Paris

This Month's Interview: BILLY GRAHAM

Centerfold Pinup: MARJORIE MAIN

Newsweak

Exclusive:

Rockefeller Wants The Presidency As A Tax Loss!

Why Nixon Can't Stand Pat

Would We Admit The U.N. Into Red China?

MORE INSIDE FRONT COVER

— A SICK BONUS SPECIAL—

IS JAYWALKING ON THE RISE?

No. 100 40¢

DEFECTIVE STORIES

OCTOBER

A LITTLE KNOWN RACKET:
PILFERING ANIMALS FROM THE ZOO!

THE DAY THERE WASN'T A MURDER IN CHICAGO

"CRIME DOESN'T PAY— WELL ENOUGH!"
by S. AGNEW

GAG MAG COVER